

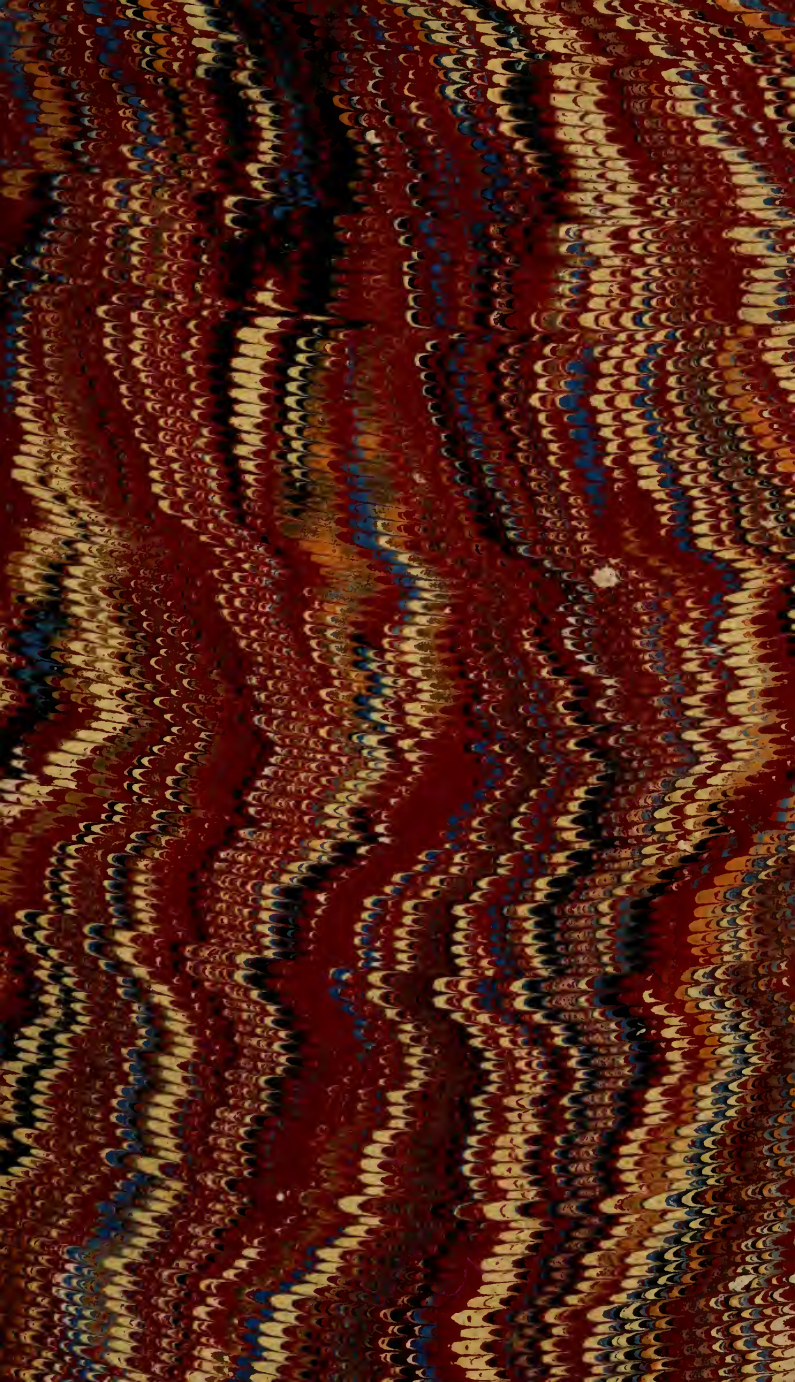
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HAMILTON KING,

OR,

THE SMUGGLER AND THE DWARF.

BY

THE OLD SAILOR,

AUTHOR OF

“TOUGH YARNS,” “STORIES OF GREENWICH
HOSPITAL,” &c.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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HAMILTON KING.

CHAPTER I.

“ But like a constant and confirmed devil,
He entertained a show so seeming just,
And therein so ensconced his secret evil,
That jealousy itself could not mistrust.”

SHAKSPEARE.

A LOW wild laugh of derision escaped the dwarf, as Feaghan disappeared in the gloom ; but the smuggler did not hear it—for, rallying all his energies, he hurried on his way, prompted by the hope of rescuing his cutter and his people from the imminent peril which he was well aware, by what had fallen from Anderson, hung threateningly over them. His wounds, it is true, were excessively troublesome ; his limbs were sore and stiff with fatigue ; but he felt that he

was once more at liberty, with the free air of heaven around him, and his heart bounded with gratification, whilst anticipating the triumph he should enjoy when the chagrined and mortified commander of the Spider found that the supposed captive, for whose detention Anderson meant to claim the reward, was again at large, and ranging over the waters in defiance of the laws.

The daring smuggler was no longer to be seen, when the dwarf put a small silver whistle to his lips ; and its shrill sound instantly brought two men to his side. They were stout, hardy-looking fellows, well armed, and habited something superior to the general run of the Irish peasantry.

“ How is this ? ” exclaimed the dwarf, who strongly suspected they had been watching him ; “ you must have flown, to have quitted your posts thus quickly ; what were you doing here so near me ? ”

“ So near yer honour ? ” reiterated one of the

men ; “ why, then, it’s meself has the nate knack of racing when ye calls. An’ shure I’ve niver been from the post at the great gate since yer honour placed me there.”

“ ’Tis false,” replied the dwarf, in irrepressible anger ; “ both you and Casey were amongst the trees.”

“ Divel a bit, Musther Cornalius,” returned Casey, in a positive manner ; “ not the laste taste of a step have I stirred from the bridge.”

“ What ! will you insult my reason, by telling me such a lie ?” angrily responded the dwarf. “ Here were you, Tim Donovan, at one post—and you, Casey, at another—”

“ Oh, divel the post was there at all, yer honour,” uttered Casey. “ Shure an’ it was at the bridge you put me—”

“ Fool !” ejaculated the dwarf, “ you were both placed at some distance from each other, and in different directions, when, in an instant, you spring up before me, opposite to where you ought to have been. How’s this ?”

“Ah, then, may be we mistook our way, Misther Cornalius,” said Casey; “it’s black dark, yer honour, and nothing to clear our eyesight.”

The dwarf was fully convinced that he had been watched, and that the men had seen him land some one from the boat; but he also felt that this was no time for controversy. “Had you been at your duties,” said he, “the Smasher could not have escaped; and now he is away before you—though in what manner he can have got off is to me a mystery.”

“Yer honour’s sure that the man in the—” Casey stopped short, for his quick recollection informed him that he was betraying himself.

“The man in the what, sirrah?” demanded the dwarf, fiercely. “But I have not time to dispute the matter with you now. The smuggler rushed past me but this instant, and cannot be very far on his way up the mountain. After him, boys! Remember, I have promised a hundred guineas to the best marksman.”

“ But, Misther Cornalius, dare,” said Casey, imploringly, “ shure an’ you don’t forget to remember what’s already due, and has been due for many a long day—the twenty guineas yer honour sworn to give us for that little affair of the law.”

“ No, no, I have not forgotten it,” returned the dwarf; “ the whole shall be forthcoming at your return.”

“ If it’s the same to yer honour, we’d rather settle that business at onest,” returned Casey; “ it’s best to clear off, and be friends.”

“ I tell you every farthing shall be paid when you come back,” exclaimed the dwarf; “ and to prove my sincerity, here is a guinea each in earnest.” The men took the gold. “ And now recollect that the reward of two hundred pounds from government is certain, whether he is taken alive or dead. The best way is, however, to make sure of your man; for whilst he retains life, he may give you the slip as he has done others, and your recompense will then be lost

But, with a couple of balls through his head or his heart, you would make him sure enough—his identity can easily be proved, and the money become your own.”

“An’ that’s thrue, too,” said Tim—“making in all three hunder and twenty pounds.” By the powers, saving yer honour’s presence, but it’s ours nate enough.”

“But, Misther Cornalius, isn’t it murdther, or manslaughter, or felly-de-sea, to shoot at a man?” inquired Casey, with an assumption of simplicity.

“At an innocent man, most certainly,” replied the dwarf; “but Feaghan is an outlawed prisoner, who has broken from his confinement. Besides, as humanity may prompt you, your firing at him direct will be an act of kindness; for if he is taken to jail, there will be a long harassing trial, to exhaust his already wearied and wounded frame; and then a public execution, amidst the inhuman gaze of assembled thousands. A bullet, well applied, will save him

from a felon's end, and with this advantage to yourselves, that you can make your own uncontradicted statement to the authorities relative to the encounter—how that you met him in the mountains—tried to take him prisoner—a desperate conflict ensued, and he falls by your superior valour, because he would not surrender.”

“ Oh, then, it's Squire Cornalius has the gift of the forethought,” exclaimed Tim. “ By this and by that, but divel a saint in the calendar could bate you at it.”

“ You both understand me, then ?” said the dwarf, pleased at his prospect of success ; “ and let me remind you that you have both law and justice on your side.”

“ One's enough, yer honour ; we'll be content with the law without the justice,” said Casey. “ We're off, Misther Cornalius, and shall soon overtake him.”

“ Away, then, my lads—away ! and make the double recompense your own,” exclaimed the

excited dwarf. "Let the deed be done, and your future fortunes are made."

The two men immediately hurried away upon the track which they naturally supposed Feaghan had taken; and the dwarf, eyeing them as they receded, again indulged in a low, wild, demoniac chuckle, that had nothing human about it. "The villains," said he, "acting as spies, too! Now, should they destroy the outlaw, the chances are that they will quarrel as to which is entitled to the reward, and one or both may fall. Thus shall I be rid of all three! At all events, I must take a force to the mountains; and, whether Feaghan lives or dies, these fellows will be found with arms, and must be disposed of. They have me too much in their power already." He paused a few minutes, gazing at the tranquil sky, then mournfully uttered, "'Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed.'" He shuddered. "Yet no one has ever fallen by my hands; they are still

unstained. My heart sickens at the sight of blood ; my very soil recoils at the livid hue of a corpse. On their heads who perpetrate these crimes let the guilt of murder rest !”

He remained silent for several minutes, as if engaged in deep thought, and then uttered, “ Wretched—wretched sophistry ! And, oh ! Beatrice, what is it you have not to answer for ! To answer for !—to whom ? Pshaw ! they preach of an hereafter ;—where is it ? What learned church-man can fix a place of bliss or torment ? The matter has yet to be proved.”

Again he paused. “ Yet ’tis a fearful thing to destroy existence—to take away that which can never be restored ! The outlaw may die as such, —but unoffending innocence ! Yet it must be done ; Beatrice will have it so, and my own beautiful child claims it at my hands. Yes, the boy must be put out of the way, and that speedily, too ; he stands in the path of my ambition—in the way of my own flesh and blood. Ha, ha ! it must—it shall be done !”

He re-entered the little punt, and paddling back across the moat, disappeared at the door through which he had conducted the outlaw.

The harbinger of day began to spread its lovely colours over the eastern horizon, as Feaghlan, almost exhausted, gained the summit of the mountain, and his spirit bowed in admiration at the glorious spectacle. Here he rested for a few minutes, and then rapidly descended to Hagan's hut. Old Mike was absent. Anxiety, irritation, and scorching fever now raged through the smuggler's heart and frame, as he recklessly bounded from crag to crag, in his descent towards the cove, till the increasing daylight shewed him the basin unoccupied, and he saw the cutter under canvas, having just quitted the entrance; but the next minute she was shut from his sight by the intervening mountainous rocks. A feeling of despair came over him, and he sank powerless to the ground. Nevertheless, he could not but commend the mate for his prudence in getting her away—little imagining

that their departure had been the effect of treachery by the dwarf.

At this moment, whilst crouching down in a cleft, the sound of voices at no great distance came on the smuggler's ears. Unable to tell whether it was friend or foe who was advancing, Feaghan crept into the obscurity of the recess, which effectually concealed him from observation.

"Shure an' it's missed him we have, Tim," said one of the approaching party, in a tone of disappointment.

"An' small blame for that," responded the other, "an' he lapeing lyke a billy-goat down the rocks, as if he'd no life to lose."

"Arrah, Tim, jewel, you should have fired when I towld you," said the first. "Faith, an' he was cock-a-roost up at top there, offering a fine mark for bringing down game."

"Why didn't you fire yourself, Casey?" argued Tim; "shure an' you'd as good right as meself to do that same."

“ Well, then, Tim, I tell you again that, to my thinking, it’s foul play he’d get,” responded Casey. “ He’s sarved the Baccah faithfully ; what can he want to kill him for ?”

“ Howld your fool’s breath, Casey,” said the other, contemptuously ; “ what’s that to us ? Let the Baccah settle it with his own conscience and the praste. If he likes to commit murdther, och, the divel’s cess to him, we shan’t have to answer for it.”

“ But it’s we, Tim, that’ll have to do the job,” urged Casey ; “ it is on our heads that the crime will fall.”

“ Well, of all the fools that iver!” ejaculated the other ; “ what inthrest or affair have we in his death ? We ownly are what the praste calls instruments ; and we may just as well blame our guns as blame ourselves for what may happen. We’re paid for it. It’s the motive, Casey—it’s the motive ; and ours is to obtain the reward. So let us on, my boy. And hark ! it’s footsteps I hear. Let us hide, and watch who comes.”

The next moment Feaghan saw the two men enter the cleft; but he was too far within the darkness of his retreat for them to see him. "Be all ready on the cock," continued Tim, as the peculiar click of his lock echoed through the place; "there's the mountain-path—we shall catch him as he turns the corner; fire right slap at him, with a steady aim."

It would be impossible to describe the indignation and rage that prevailed in the breast of the smuggler, when he saw his premeditated murderers ready to take the life of any one who might approach. He would have sprung at once upon them; but two stout athletic men, with fire-arms, were fearful odds against his exhausted strength; and, powerful as was his inclination, he nevertheless had prudence to refrain from that which must have ended in his destruction. He beheld them raise their firelocks, as they knelt at the mouth of the recess. He could not see the object of their aim; but the ringing discharges came like thunder-claps through the

cavity ; and springing forward, with one desperate effort he hurled the fellow called " Tim " over the projecting rock, and with a laugh of delight beheld the falling body bounding from crag to crag, till the waters of the cove opened to receive it. The surface was ruffled for a few minutes, and the mimic waves swelled outwards towards the centre ; then all was smooth and tranquil as before. He who had contemplated the death of another, was himself a breathless and a buried corpse !

Without waiting to attack the other, Feaghan sprang down the pathway ; and as he passed the fallen man at whom the miscreants had fired, he recognized the person of Mike Hagan. The poor fellow was not yet dead ; he turned his look upon the retreating smuggler, as a grim smile flashed over his features ; and the captain felt a melancholy but consoling conviction that Mike had rightly attributed his fall to the rascal who laid peaceably at the bottom of the cove, and the smile was a last testimony of

gratitude that his death was thus avenged. But though Feaghan had not interfered with the remaining murderer, there was one who promptly supplied the omission; for, whilst the wretch was busily reloading his piece, he was suddenly seized by the throat, and laid prostrate on the ground, whilst the teeth of a noble dog held him fast, as his hoarse growl came with terrific menace to his ears. Feaghan instantly caught the sound, and rushing back again, beheld his faithful Neptune exulting over his fallen foe. To seize and secure the man was but the work of a few minutes. Indeed, he was too terrified to offer resistance; for he was promptly disarmed, and the powerful and angry animal lay watching his every motion.

“An’ who set you on this divel’s job, Misther Casey?” asked the smuggler, as, with the strap taken from the firelock, he bound the fellow’s arms.

“Shure, Captain Feaghan, an’ it’s meself ull spake the truth intirely,” answered the man—

“ownly, for the love of Christ, kape off the dog.”

“That must depend upon your behaviour, Misther Casey,” uttered the smuggler, fiercely; “but by the vestments, if you attempt to deceive me, the creature’s teeth shall gnaw your vitals. Look to him, Nep, boy; see to him well, lad!”

The animal’s tremendous snarl, as he lifted his lips and shewed his terrific fangs, set the trembling prisoner begging for mercy, “an’ he’d tell every thing.”

• “Speak, then,” exclaimed Feaghan, as he shook with passion; “was it the dwarf who set you on this hellish deed?”

“It’s the althar thruth, Captain Feaghan,” responded the man; “it was, indeed, Misther Cornalius.”

“The villain!” muttered Feaghan. “But your object was better game than poor owld Mike?”

“An’ that’s thrue, too, captain,” acknow-

ledged the man ; “ for shure an’ it was yerself that was meant for mischief. Oh, divel the lie I’ll tell.”

“ The black-hearted monster !” exclaimed the smuggler ; “ yet what could be his motive for so vile an act ?” He paused, as if his thoughts were rapidly flying over past events, and then suddenly exclaimed, “ Ha ! I have it now ;” and grasping the fellow by the collar, with Neptune close in the rear, he hurriedly advanced to the spot where poor Mike Hagan laid. Gently raising the wounded man, “ An’ how is it with you, Mike !” said he ; “ the Baccah has sent you a pretty present, Mike, and sorrow the sowl to wake you, or cry ‘ pillaloo !’ over you.” The unfortunate man shook his head. “ Speak, then, Mike—oh, you must speak.” Another shake of the head. “ By the holy saints, but you must !” persisted Feaghan, in wild but determined manner. “ The boy, Mike—the boy ! Is he gone in the cutter ? You must know, owld man, and I will have the truth.” But Mike could not

articulate a word ; he waved his hand downwards to the cove, and then closed his eyes apparently in death. “ Ha ! is it so ? what, killed ?—murdered ? Then will I live for revenge ; and every limb and sinew of that hideous deformity shall suffer a thousand deaths in one. I’ll do it—I’ll do it ! ” shrieked the agitated man.

Again the sound of voices was heard ; the dog listened, but gave no indications of alarm. “ Good Nep,” said Feaghan, “ they are friends, then ; ” the creature looked expressively in his master’s face and wagged his tail ; “ but friends may be false ; the villain, the murderous villain ! ” continued the smuggler, taking up the musket ; “ oh that I had him now within reach of this. But he shall be paid back in his own coin.”

In a few minutes, several of the revellers, who had joined the debauch of the smugglers at the cove the previous night, and had assisted the cutter’s men in getting her to sea that morning, ascended the mountain. They were well known to Feaghan, and from them he learned the par-

ticulars of the affray that had taken place; the further injury sustained by O'Rafferty from Mike's stick; the orders which Hagan brought for going to sea, and Peterson's compliance with that order, as well as his waiting till the last possible moment for the captain's return. But they knew nothing of any child; none had been seen by them, nor were they in any way aware that children had been aboard. The captain briefly related the snare that had been laid for him (though without naming the principal concerned in it), and then engaged the men to convey poor Mike and the prisoner to Hagan's hut.

"An' we'll take the rascally informer with all the pleasure in life," uttered one of the party, seizing hold of Casey and actually biting off his left ear, which he spit out amongst his comrades, exclaiming, "it's the swatest mouthful I've had for many a long day."

The unfortunate fellow roared with the pain, and begged most piteously for Feaghan to afford him protection; but the outlaw turned from him

in disgust, and Casey sunk upon the ground as if he wished to shrink into a senseless mass, so that he might escape the yells and taunts of his persecutors. But he was not suffered to remain prostrate ; they goaded him with knives to make him get up, and, Hagan having been lifted carefully on the shoulders of three men, the wretched prisoner was dragged along after him to the hut. Here Mike was extended on his pallet speechless ; and Feaghan questioning the men who had come from the cove, found them determined to wreak summary vengeance on the prisoner.

A doctor was too important a personage to be found in that wild district, and therefore persons were despatched to inform the dwarf of Hagan's condition, but without stating what had actually occurred. Feaghan longed to get Cornelius within his power, that he might tax him with his treachery : but scarcely had the messengers departed, when a man arrived, in almost breathless haste, to give them the intelligence that a party of soldiers and police were

coming across the mountain. There was then no time to be lost ; one of the least suspected was appointed to remain with old Mike, and the rest, taking the prisoner with them, struck into the most unfrequented passes, and disappeared.

In a very short time afterwards a body of troops and police filled the hut, and at their head was the dwarf, who affected great surprise and anger when informed that Mike had been assassinated.

“ And where and who are the miscreants that have thus perpetrated one of the worst of human crimes ?” exclaimed the dwarf.

“ Meself dunna,” answered the man, with a look of assumed stupidity, and then, in as confused a manner as possible, he detailed the affair, that Hagan had been shot by two men (both balls had taken effect), and had been found speechless by himself and companions, some of whom had gone to inform Mr. Cornelius, whilst others were escorting the prisoner to the magistrate.

“The prisoner?” uttered the dwarf, inquiringly. “I thought you said there were two; what became of the second?”

“Oh then it’s meself doesn’t know the thruth on it, yer honour,” answered the man evasively; “but they said he tumbled from the crag, and fell into the wather.”

“There’s more in this than meets the ear, Mr. Williams,” said the dwarf, addressing the young English officer who accompanied him; “the man is frightened at so large a force; have the goodness to withdraw your men to the outside. I will question him, and, believe me, I know sufficient of these fellows to bring them to a full confession.”

The officer complied; the force was removed from the wretched abode, and not a creature was left but poor Mike, his attendant, and the dwarf. The latter approached slowly forward to the pallet on which the man was sitting, and in a low and impressive manner uttered, “I’m not

to be deceived, Malone ; I know you well. Which was it you say fell from the crag ?”

“ Meself didn’t see it, Misther Cornalius,” returned the man, “ I was ownly told so.”

“ And who, then, was with Hagan when you found the body ?” inquired the dwarf with sternness.

The man paused for a few seconds, and then uttered, “ Och hone, Misther Cornalius, an’ who should it be but Captain Feaghan, shure.”

The dwarf drew a convulsive respiration. “ And where is he now ?” inquired he. “ Come, sir, if you wish to save your life, tell me everything ;” he looked cautiously around. “ We are alone, my man—no one can hear us—the truth is what I want ;” and a guinea was slipped into his hand, whilst deep groans shook Hagan’s frame.

Thus tempted, the man related the occurrence as he heard it from the smuggler, together with subsequent transactions, and that Feaghan had only shortly before quitted the hut.

“Did he name who it was that set these fellows on to do the deed?” asked the dwarf.

“Divel a name he spoke at all, yer honor,” answered the man with vehemence.

“Are you certain of that?” inquired the dwarf, fixing his keen gaze upon the countenance of Malone.

“Sartin—sure, yer honor,” responded Malone; “I’ll take a thousand oaths meself never harde him name a living crature, barring as he sed he knowed who it was, and would take his revenge.”

A scowl of contempt passed over the features of the dwarf, whilst he still continued to fix his intense gaze on the man, as if he would penetrate into the very recesses of his heart for the purpose of testing his veracity. “Malone,” said he, in a low deep tone, “did he not name me?”

“Oh divel the name he named at all, yer honor,—good, bad, or indifferent,” boldly an-

swered the man. "Shure, an' why should he name you, and you both sich friends?"

"True, true," exclaimed the dwarf, whilst a smile of derision curled his lip; "yet, Malone, we are often apt to speak of our friends rather than our enemies."

"May be so, yer honor," responded the man, with firmness, "but I'll swear he never named nobody."

"I am sorry for it," said the dwarf, with well-assumed regret, "for I was in hopes we should have been enabled to discover who it was that employed these men, or whether they had any private pique against poor Mike. I will just speak to the officer, and then return." He walked to the outside of the hut, and calling Mr. Williams away from the men—"I have reason to believe," said he, "that the notorious Smasher, for whose head £200 reward is offered, and whom we have come out to seek, has recently left this place. He cannot be far off—most likely descended to the cove. Will you leave a

portion of the men with me, and, taking the rest yourself, pursue the fugitive? The wounded man shall be removed where he can have proper attendance. I will see to that, and do not let a mistaken lenity induce you to spare the culprit; it is his hand that has smote poor Hagan, I fear, to death. But hasten, Mr. Williams; spread out your men, but beware of ambush. Fire at him wherever you may see him, that he may no longer remain the terror of our coast."

The young officer immediately adopted the suggestions, and, detaching a party of his men, he proceeded down the mountain, whilst the dwarf returned to the pallet of the apparently dying man. "And so, Malone, it is Casey they have carried off; do ye think they mean him mischief?"

"Shure, an' how is it possible for me to tell what they mane?" returned the other; "yer honor knows the ways of the boys, and may be they'll procthor him for his turning traithor; they'll slit his nose, and pickle his ears—that's the one he wears."

At this moment a wild, unnatural yell was heard, and the next instant a man rushed into the hut, threw himself before the dwarf, and clung to his knees; his clothes were nearly torn from his back, and the blood came streaming from several wounds in his head, whilst his nostrils on either side were split asunder from top to bottom. "Save me, save me, Mистер Cornalius—for the love of Christ, save me," shrieked he, and the voice told them it was Casey.

The hut was immediately filled by the party left behind, and they witnessed the dwarf spurning the suppliant away. "Hold off, ye villain;" said he, "look at your infernal deed," and he pointed to the body of Hagan; "you are a murderer—a base murderer; my very soul scorns you. Serjeant! bind him, and let execution be done at once."

Casey seemed completely paralyzed, as he heard these invectives and commands; he neither spoke nor moved till the serjeant grasped his

arm, when, once more throwing himself before the dwarf, he uttered in the most piercing accents, "Oh, Misther Cornalius, sure, an' yer not maneing what you say ; It's yerself as knows who set us on——"

"Drag him away," screamed the dwarf, trembling with either rage or alarm ; "gag him—bind him—take him out in front, and let him—die."

"Misther Cornalius, dear," shrieked the man, "for the love of mercy, don't dhrive me to deshpair ; I've niver split, nor niver will, ownly save me." The soldiers seized hold of him as he struggled to get free. "By the howly cross I swear I'll tell all ; Misther Cornalius, ye dare not——"

"Gag him, I say," shouted the dwarf, as he stamped his foot upon the rocky floor with rage. "Place him on yon crag, and let instant justice be done."

"*It was yerself, then—*" What more Casey would have said was lost, for a gag was instantly

thrust into his mouth, and he was dragged to the projecting crag, from which his comrade had been hurled, and commanded to kneel ; but no persuasions, no inducements, no threats, no torture, could enforce compliance ; he stretched himself at full length, and though raised up repeatedly, yet again threw himself prostrate when the parties left him.

“ It must be done where he is, serjeant,” said the dwarf ; “ draw your men up, and fire at him as he lies.”

“ I hardly know, your honour,” said the serjeant ; “ I’ve been thinking that my officer is not here to command, and, without any disrespect to your honour, I should rather wait till he comes.”

“ Am not I a magistrate, sir,” demanded the dwarf, angrily, “ bearing the King’s commission, and will you dare refuse to obey me ? On my head let the responsibility rest ; I shall be ready to answer it. I am discharging a painful duty, but it must be done.”

Casey could hear this conversation, and he laid in breathless silence listening, but casting an imploring look towards the dwarf, as well as his blood-stained and mutilated countenance would let him.

“Obedience belongs to a subordinate, sir,” said the serjeant, “and as I am ordered to act under the civil power, I have no alternative. But may I not plead for the poor fellow—”

“And become an enemy to your country, serjeant,” screamed the dwarf; “I must report your contumacy, and should the fellow escape, you know your doom.”

The serjeant turned hurriedly away. “To the right face—march,” exclaimed he to his men; “halt,” as they gained the front of the hut; “make ready—present—fire.”

Casey, who had watched the whole proceedings, shrunk up together as he saw the soldiers bring their firelocks to “make ready,” and then, as if wild with affright, he rolled over till his body was on the extreme verge of the crag; the

cracking discharge echoed amongst the cliffs—the sacrificed wretch sprang from the ground—there was a wild and horrible yell, and the descending corpse flew through the air to join that of his comrade of the morning, in the waters of the cove.

The soldiers, as if accustomed to such spectacles, reloaded their pieces like automatons, and then, by command of the sergeant, stood “at ease.”

“We could not have got that fellow through these mountains alive, serjeant,” said the dwarf. “It is a melancholy and painful duty ; my very heart sickens at such executions—but they are requisite in a wild and lawless district like this. Detach six of your men, and six of the police force, and let them convey the wounded Hagan, on his truckle bed as he lies, to the nearest barrack station, and send for Doctor Macneish immediately that they arrive. This is not peaceful England, serjeant ; keep the men in compact order, their arms in readiness for instant

use, every hole or corner may contain a concealed enemy. Send the corporal with the detachment, and give him positive orders that he allows no one to straggle, but that every man have his musket loaded and his eye upon the alert, for there are spirits in these mountains as untamable as that of the hyena. I shall follow Mr. Williams, alone, leaving the other portion of the men at a point which will command an important pass. So hasten, serjeant, and let the thing be promptly done."

Without hesitation or questioning, the serjeant obeyed, and in a few minutes Mike's hut was deserted. The dwarf, accompanied by the residue of the force, descended the mountain; and leaving the serjeant at the place he had mentioned, he went forward alone. But instead of tracing the downward track, no sooner had he turned an angle of the rock that obscured him from observation, than he hastily began to re-ascend through several clefts and by a tortuous passage, when suddenly stopping before a sort

of glacier that shewed a smooth surface outside, he looked earnestly but rapidly around him ; he then gave a bound from his feet, cleared the face of the crag, and entered the concealed and secret passage to the cave.

“ This has been a desperate morning’s work !” uttered he to himself, as he groped his way, sometimes in darkness, and at other times faintly lighted from holes broken out in the rock. “ A desperate morning’s work, truly ! And how stands the reckoning ? I released Feaghan because he could give dangerous testimony against me if brought to trial, and would not fail to do so if I urged him on to desperation. Two men are employed to trace his steps, and deprive him of existence ; his being an outlaw would exonerate them, and I should have got rid of my enemy. The scheme fails as it regards Feaghan, though Mike, I trust, is laid at rest ; and if he has succeeded with the boy—ha, ha, ha !” He laughed wildly. “ I’ve yet another task to perform, and then I can sleep in peace. Perhaps I might have

spared yon wretch, for he could have only proved that I sent him after Feaghan, though I strongly suspect they were aware that it was I who released him, and he has no doubt heard from the Smasher of my seeming treachery. It was my duty as a magistrate to send them after the outlaw ; but then ugly questions might have been asked had Casey lived. He is now in eternity for shooting an assistant of the magistracy ; the district is proclaimed ; he is found with arms—therefore I have but executed summary justice on a wilful murderer, which my commission empowers me to do. At all events, they can reveal nothing now of their having sworn falsely ; thanks, so far, to Feaghan and the soldiers. Now, if Williams can but kill the Smasher, who have I to fear ? None but those who may easily be silenced.” He entered the cavern, which was lighted by small apertures, opening on a perpendicular face of the rock fronting the sea. “ Here I am, amidst wealth—ay, an ample, splendid fortune, if once converted into gold.” He looked

proudly around, and then proceeded onwards. “ Silks and velvets of the richest qualities ! But where’s the boy ? ” He lowered his voice to an audible whisper. “ Can Hagan have failed in his enterprize ? Perhaps he is in the cavity at the hut.” He approached where some loose sails and cotton cloths were spread ; his eye lightened up with infernal delight—the blood rushed to his cheeks, and suffused them with crimson ; he clutched his hands together, and set his grinding teeth—for there lay the unconscious child, sweetly reposing in a tranquil sleep. The dwarf did not stir for several minutes ; he seemed to banquet his sight on the pretty lad ; and frequently the long white fingers of his large but delicate hands were thrust into his black bushy hair, and pressed upon his forehead. But he did not speak ; he scarcely breathed ; every faculty seemed absorbed in contemplating the deed he had determined to perform.

At length he cautiously and noiselessly walked

away to another part of the cavern, and removed the slings from a tub of brandy, and for several minutes employed himself in rendering the rope to and fro through the eye, so as to cause it to slip easily when hauled upon. Having ascertained, by attaching a weight, that no stiffness remained, he again advanced towards the sleeping boy. He then laid aside his cloak and hat, turned up the sleeves of his coat, and stood with all his unnatural deformity revealed!

In one hand he held the running noose, whilst the other retained the slack part of the slings, now converted into a single rope, whilst both shook with the tremor of his whole frame. Slowly he bent down over the child, with the intention of passing the noose over his head ; but the little fellow, probably disturbed by dreams, moaned and turned himself round, yet without awaking. The coward shrunk back, and stood in breathless silence, concealing the purposed engine of destruction behind him ; but, after a few minutes, finding that the lad still slept, he again stooped

over him. The flush of delight had faded from the dwarf's cheeks, which were now spread with a pallid hue approaching to an ashy whiteness; his large full eyes glared wildly on his victim; yet he remained for some time as if irresolute—convulsive spasms contorting his features, and giving him the appearance of a demon.

“It must be done,” whispered he. “Have I not longed for an opportunity like this—here—alone—in secret—with no eye to bear evidence against me? Why, then, do I delay? Aid me, ye fiends of hate! Nerve my arms, ye restless spirits of evil!” He darted on the child, clutched him by the throat, and whilst his horrible laugh was answered in shrill echoes through the cave, the noose was passed over the head of the struggling boy, who had not the power to cry out. It was drawn quickly and tightly round his neck; but the monster had not sufficient nerve to retain it in that position, for his trembling limbs refused to perform the offices of strength; his eyes grew glazed and dim, and the child was stoutly wrestling to get

free. But, suddenly, the dwarf caught the child in his arms ; he tightened the noose with all the power he was able to exert ; the work of strangulation was rapidly going on—when, walking as fast as his trepidation would allow, he gained the hole which formed the passage to the outer cavern that was overflowed with water from the sea. Here, then, he lowered the body to the full length of the rope, retaining the end clutched tightly in his hands. It shook with the death-throes of the lad ; but they became less and less violent as life escaped. The dwarf did not dare bend over the rock, to witness the expiring agony of the dying innocent ; but, when about to haul the body up to complete his sanguinary purpose, he beheld a fearful commotion in the waters below ; and a voice shouted, or rather shrieked, “ Murder—villain—murder ! ” The words reverberated through the cavern ; the dwarf quitted his hold of the rope and fled, and the dead body of the child descended heavily into the liquid element.

CHAPTER II.

“ Suppose a sinner in an hour of gloom,
And let a ghost with all its horrors come ;
From lips unmoved let solemn accents flow,
Solemn his gesture be, his motion slow ;
Let the waved hand and threatening look impart
Truth to the mind, and terror to the heart ;
And when the form is fading to the view,
Let the convicted man cry, ‘ This is true ! ’ ”

CRABBE.

WHEN Feaghan quitted the hut of old Mike with the lawless company that had joined him, they separated into divisions of twos and threes, taking the most secret routes to places of concealment, and appointing to meet again at night in a spot well known to all. With one of these detachments went the prisoner Casey, having his arms secured by the strap already mentioned ;

but as this impeded their progress, they released his arms, and shifted the strap to his neck.

“ You thafe o’ the world ! ” exclaimed one of his guards, “ an’ it’s shooting at honest men you’d be ! Bad scan to your ugly mouth, that’s ownly fit to dthrink spoon-mate ! ” And he lugged him along by the strap, so as nearly to throttle him.

“ Aisey, Jemmy—aisey, ” uttered Casey, imploringly ; “ times has been when we were betther cronies than we are now. ”

“ Out ! ye dhioul’s baby, ” responded the other ; “ an’ whose fault is it we’re not cronies still ? Come along wid yer, and none o’ your besaching blarney. Small mercy would you share to me and us, to change places. Ar’n’t you a purty villain now ? ”

“ Well, Jemmy, an’ what if I owns my fault ? ” urged Casey, with persuasive accents ; “ what, if I confess my sins, and promise to do betther in future ? ”

“ Own your fault, is it you mane ? ” said

Jemmy, “ with a look of contempt ; “ oh then Misther Casey, you may spare your tongue the throuble, seeing there’s no occasion in life for that same—And as for the future—don’t min-tion it ; may-be we won’t take special care of that any how—it isn’t much future as ’ull come to your share.”

“ You surely cannot intend to murder me, Jemmy,” said the prisoner in a tone of deprecation. “ No—no, you cannot mane that ! Oounly think of my poor fatherless babes and the mother as bore ’em—the cries of the childther and the wail of the woman who owns ’em, Jemmy.”

“ By the howly, but its yerself should have thought of that when you turned thraitor, Casey,” said the other, reproachfully. “ How much did ye sell your sowl for, ye born rascal ?”

Casey thrust his hand into his pocket, and produced the guinea received from the dwarf. “ Take it, Jemmy—take all I have,” exclaimed the prisoner, “ oounly give me a chance once more ; do take it, Jemmy, in regard o’ frindship then.”

The man keenly eyed the gold, whilst struggling with something like repugnance at the offer ; for it seemed the price of blood. “ No, thank you, Casey—och, an I won’t touch it—shall I Darby ?”

“ Its lawful coin,” answered his comrade, “ an’ what for shouldn’t *we* take it ? It’s no counterfate, Casey ;” he extended his hand towards the prisoner to receive the guinea, but Jemmy instantly prevented his design by seizing it himself.

“ Thru for you my boy—the money’s good money and lawful money,” said Jemmy as he clapped the guinea into his mouth, “ it ’ull be sweet to the belly, however bitter to the tashte.”

“ You’ll befriend me then and let me go,” uttered Casey in a voice of mingled suspicion and entreaty.

“ Your sowl to the dhioul !” growled Darby, vexed with not having been the first to secure the golden prize, “ is it sell ourselves, do ye think we would ? The guinea’s ours by right

of capture, not by deed of gift. What more have you?"

"Sorrow the scurragh have I left," answered Casey deplorably. "But shure, boys, you'll do me no harm—and me the father of a wife and five childther."

"Howld your rogue's tongue, and don't think to put yer commether upon us," said Jemmy.

"Arrah Darby, what shall us do wid him?"

"The sooner we're quit of the villain the better for all of us," returned Darby, with savage sternness; "if he's to swing, why not do it at onest, and put him out o' suspense."

"Och murther, but it's putting him into suspense we'd be, Darby, if he swings," said Jemmy, laughing in reckless glee at his unnatural joke.

"Bother!" ejaculated Darby, angrily, "ai-ther let him swing or not swing; an if he's not to swing, why then give him a regular discharge, and make my mark to it."

"Och Darby, but it's the broth of a boy

you'd make for a lawyer," said Jemmy, laughing, " May ye live to rise from the bar any how."

They now entered upon an open space where nature had formed a sort of amphitheatre, and where several of their comrades, who had been unencumbered in their flight, had arrived before them. " It's here we are then," said Jemmy, " and the boys to the fore."

Nearly a dozen men were thus assembled, or rather grouped together, in small parties, debating upon some knotty point; and knotty indeed it was, for their own personal safety was the subject, each contending for a different course to be pursued as the most effectual to avoid collision with the troops, who they were well aware would not be sent to the mountains but in strong force. At last, after some general debate, it was decided to separate, and steal off the best way they could.

" An' what'll we do with the rascally informer, that 'ud bethray his own brother for a fippenny?" exclaimed one of the men.

“Do wid him?” bellowed Darby, as he thrust his hand into his breast and withdrew it again instantly; then seizing the wretched prisoner, who looked the very image of despair and was unable to resist, with a sharp razor-like knife he severed the remaining ear from Casey’s head. A piercing shriek arose as the blood gushed out, and the man, springing at Darby, caught him firmly in his arms, and hurled him with violence to the craggy ground on which they had been standing; but Casey was instantly secured, and Darby, writhing with pain and uttering imprecations, once more gained his feet. He grinned with savage fierceness on the man, and, whilst his comrades held the mutilated wretch’s arms, the barbarous villain with a fiendish glee proceeded to slit the nostrils of the captive. “Its purty you look, Misther Casey,” said he; “and shure your childther wouldn’t know their daddy this blessed morning;” one nostril was cut; “but this side is grinning at the other, faith, but we must sarve them both alike,” and

he performed a similar operation on the opposite nostril. "Dive! another plot ye'll ever smell again with that thave's nose of your's, my darlin: oh! it's a beautiful cratur ye make," and he drew back to look at his unfortunate victim, as the red stream ran down his face, and rendered him a hideous and revolting spectacle.

At this moment the report of fire-arms close to their retreat, came in pealing echoes to their ears, and the next instant, almost as if by magic, the place was deserted, except by the mutilated Casey, who shrank in between two rocks, dreading that he might be taken for one of the rebels and fired at by the soldiers. There he remained till the din of war had rolled further away, when, creeping out, he hurried back to Mike's hut, and met with the fate which has already been described.

The firing that had been heard was from some of the men belonging to the detachment of Mr. Williams, who had fallen in with a few of the smuggler's party, amongst whom was Feaghan himself. They had come upon them

unawares in a narrow defile ; a sharp but short conflict ensued, in which the Smasher received another wound ; but finding that he was likely to be overpowered by numbers, he made a precipitate retreat, and his knowledge of the mountains enabled him to get clear of his pursuers, and conceal himself till they had passed. His intention was to try for the secret passage to the store-cave, and, finding all quiet, he made the attempt ; but here he came upon the serjeant and his party, who had been left by the dwarf, and he was compelled to run, whilst chase was promptly given to the fugitive.

Reckless was Feaghan's descent from crag to crag ; and though nature was every minute getting more and more exhausted, yet he still rallied all his energies, and his coolness and courage seemed to increase in proportion to the difficulties he had to encounter. Repeatedly, as his person became exposed to his pursuers, the bullets whistled past him, but happily without doing injury, and the sound served to spur him

possession of the lad would offer a fair opportunity for keeping the dwarf in constant subjection to his own will, as he believed himself to be the only depository of the secret of the child's birth, which had been revealed to him by Hagan, whom he supposed was already numbered with the dead. But now he held in his arms, he feared, the breathless corpse of the child—deep anguish and bitter resentment stung his spirit almost to madness; he did not attempt to pursue the dwarf—though revenge prompted him to do so—lest by leaving the boy, he might throw away the only chance that remained of restoring animation. Hurrying to the place from whence the lad had been so recently taken alive and well, he laid him on the cloths—a sickening sensation almost overpowered him—he looked in the face, and, though strangulation had swelled and bloated the features, yet he immediately recognised—Ned Jones.

Vehement and wild was the unnatural laugh of the smuggler—but it was only momentary :

for the idea flashed upon his mind, that probably Hamilton had already been sacrificed. Rushing back to the entrance cave, he explored every part, which he was well enabled to do through the transparency of the water; but foiled in his fearful expectations, he again returned to the store-cave, and, wearied out with exertion, he drank a quantity of brandy, threw himself upon some canvass, and, in despite of severe pain from the smarting of his wounds caused by the salt water, was soon in a heavy but feverish sleep.

The soldiers having raised their young officer, who was desperately wounded in the breast, they bore him up the mountain towards Mike's hut; but near the spot where the serjeant had been placed they encountered the dwarf without his cloak or hat; his face blanched with fear, and every limb of his body quivering with affright. They would have informed him of the occurrences that had ensued after he had left them, but he was not sufficiently collected to attend to

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the detail, though he eagerly caught at the information relative to the supposed death of Feaghan. The serjeant spoke to him of the loss of his cloak and hat ; but his explanations were evasive ; he shuddered when he looked upon the inanimate lieutenant, and commanding the party to follow with all speed, he took with him four of the police force for protection, and hurried as fast as nature would allow across the mountain.

Two different scenes, the result of this adventure may now be presented to the reader : the first, is a neat and quiet little bed-chamber, with simple furniture, and white draperies ; the bed, according to the French fashion, was in a recess, across which a curtain was drawn ; the evening sun was shining through the rich ivy that clustered over an old-fashioned projecting window, with diamond panes, and their shadows chequered the carpet on the floor of the room. There was a degree of taste, and frequently of elegance, in the arrangements of the apartment,

though there was nothing costly, or even beyond the attainment of a person in the middle class of life : there were two sets of book-shelves covered with green silk, which being partly undrawn, displayed several choice volumes in rich missal binding ; water-colour drawings, and a few exquisite paintings hung in gilt frames against the walls ; the toilette was delicately white ; and by itself in a small recess with doors stood an altar, with white satin coverlet, upon which was a representation of the crucifixion exquisitely carved from solid ivory—an emblazoned missal laid open before it, at a prayer for the guilty and afflicted.

The most profound stillness prevailed, broken only by the slight rustling of the ivy leaves, as the gentle breeze played amongst them, or the warbling of some bird that was chanting forth its evening hymn. A young female, apparently about twenty years of age, was seated in a chair near the bed, and her languid eyes and swollen cheeks bespoke her the child of sorrow, whilst

the handkerchief which she held in her hand, as it rested on her knee, indicated that grief was still occasionally forcing those ebullitions of its strength which ease the heart, and keep it from utterly breaking.

Within the bed lay one who was deeply, and heavily breathing, though with quickness that manifested a parched and fevered frame—it was a matter of doubt whether he was sleeping or not—his eyes were glazed over, but staring, and fixed with an unnatural glow of redness over all—his nostrils distended and dilated as he respired, and his teeth were set fast as if in convulsive agony. It was Feaghan—carefully, tenderly, and affectionately watched by the niece of father O’Fogharty, under whose roof he then was—having been found at daybreak insensible in the garden fronting the house, with a halter in his hand, and the dead body of a child by his side.

We will now take the other picture, (the time four and twenty hours earlier than the last,)

and enter a splendid room fit for the reception of royalty. The curtains and drapery were made of the richest purple velvet, bordered with broad gold lace—the cords were also gold, with massive bullion tassels—the walls were splendidly adorned with exquisite tapestry, the colours as clear and as bright as in the hour in which it was first put up—the compartments divided by admirably wrought gilt mouldings. The furniture corresponded in magnificence: the couches and sofas were made of the same materials as the curtains; an extremely valuable Persian carpet covered the floor—marble tables upon richly gilt pedestals were arranged in different places—a superb time-piece stood upon the delicately cut statuary of the white marble mantle-piece, and the requisites for use were manufactured either in highly polished steel, silver, or gold, of admirable pattern and workmanship. But there was a gloominess in this grandeur for want of something lighter to relieve the sombre colour of the purple, and it was only when

brilliantly illuminated that its splendour was made fully manifest. Only one thing was wanted to give a finish of perfection to the whole—there was neither mirror nor glass in the room.

And here, upon a couch that was canopied over, laid a misshapen being, whilst crouching near him, and anxiously watching his countenance through dim and rheumy eyes, was a very aged female habited in grey serge—a hood passed over her head, but beneath it could be seen a scanty mob cap, from which descended a very few long straggling hairs as white as silver. Her checks were wrinkled and shrunk—her open mouth displayed no teeth, and her whole appearance would have corresponded with that of the “midnight hags,” who divined the elevation of Macbeth to the kingly dignity. These were the dwarf, and the woman who had nursed him in his infancy.

Death seemed to have passed his cold and corpse-like hands over the face of Mr. Cornelius, which was ashy pale, whilst his full, dark and

expressive eyes seemed starting from their sockets as they restlessly wandered over vacancy. Sometimes his delicately white hands were spread before his sight, as if to shut out some horrible vision, and then starting from his recumbent position, he uttered a wild shriek, for the hideous spectre was still palpable to his mind's eye, though the visual organs were closed.

“And she will not come to me,” exclaimed the dwarf; “no not even to *me*, who sacrificed happiness here, and *perilled* salvation hereafter, to raise her to the estate she wished—O fool! fool! what had I to do with beauty? Who would look upon this hideous deformity, with eyes of love, or warm desire? Hence, old hag—hence I say, and drag her hither—let her see the dying contortions of that innocent—look at its writhing limbs, and blackening features—Away, old fiend! force her hither to witness the devoted worship of my heart in the death throes of—ha—a! ’tis there again, pale and ghastly—oh my soul sickens at a corpse—take

it away, you infernal wretch ! take it from my sight, and give me drink—ay wine, wine, but no poison in it !” and he shrunk together on the couch at the very thought.

The woman made him no reply, but still continued crouching down, and rocking herself to and fro, when the door of the apartment opened, and a lady most magnificently attired walked towards the couch of the sufferer. Stately in person, with a figure as perfect as ever was modelled by the master-hand of nature, and a face proudly, grandly beautiful, the lady looked upon the dwarf as she stood by his side. “I am here, Cornelius,” said she, in a cold, haughty and unfeeling tone ; “ what is it you require ?”

The dwarf gazed upon her exquisite loveliness—his eyes were brilliant with pleasure—a glow of crimson spread over his features. “Beatrice,” said he in a voice of thrilling harmony, “Beatrice—oh how my very soul adores you !”

“I am not come, sir, to hear love speeches,” returned the haughty female ; “they were ever

disgusting to me from you, and you know my aversion to them was never concealed—I am here, Cornelius, as your wife, to fulfil the compact which united us.”

“Oh! talk not thus cruelly and coldly, Beatrice,” implored the dwarf, and his voice was like the moaning of the wind amongst the chords of an æolian lyre, “have I not proved my utter devotion to your wishes?”

“It is a part of our contract, sir,” answered the lady, preserving the same unfeeling and discordant tone, approaching almost to masculine gruffness, “and what have you to complain of on my part that is unfulfilled?”

“True—true, Beatrice—very true!” groaned the dwarf; “you have adhered most faithfully to your solemn pledge—it is unbroken. Yet, oh! could you tell what was passing in my heart—could you see its silent, yet intense worship—did you know how my very soul ardently longs for one endearing expression—one look of fondness—”

The lady listened with the same unmoved features, though she drew herself proudly up, as if conscious of the influence of her beauty over the humbled being before her, as he spoke of the worship of his heart; but when, in the dulcet wailings of distress, he tried to awaken her sympathy, she eagerly stopped him. "This is sheer folly, sir; I never knew but one that I could love, and he——" A fiendish smile, like the triumph of a fallen angel, curled her lip, and gave a fearful expression to her features. "But you have revenged me, Cornelius, and I am grateful—yes, very grateful." Though her manner indicated any thing but a corresponding feeling with her utterance.

"Oh! Beatrice, how have I toiled unceasingly to win one smile that could beam with gladness on my spirit!" pleaded the dwarf. "Hope still lured me on, and bade me trust that my ardent passion would soften your obduracy and repugnance."

"You speak of impossibilities, sir," returned

the lady; “ I listened to your suit with loathing, and you knew it. A mistaken feeling of revenge upon another induced me to listen at all—for, however harmonious the music, the instrument was my aversion. I acceded to your requests, and became your wife, whilst every impulse of my nature—every faculty of my mind—every attachment of my soul, belonged to Maurice Feaghan. Were you ignorant of this?”

“ No—no—no!” shrieked the dwarf; whilst the eyes of the nurse, even in their dimness, betrayed a savage ferocity, as she fixed their earnest and basilisk gaze upon the beautiful woman.

“ The priest joined our hands,” continued the lady, “ but not our hearts, and you were cognizant to the fact. The tenderness of affection was lost to me for ever. Then wealth, grandeur, magnificence, opulence, and a title, became my aim; and richly have you gratified me! Would you see our infant? Its form is perfect—its beauty matchless; yet I cannot look upon it

with a mother's eyes, or a mother's love ; it is not in our contract."

"Obdurate woman!" uttered the dwarf, as he fixed his earnest gaze upon her—"oh, how heavily has the curse fallen on my head—the withering curse of one, whose tongue will never curse again! Beatrice, I have persecuted my own blood—I have stained my soul with—"

"Stop, sir," said the lady, energetically; "your confessions would best suit the ears of your spiritual adviser. I admit that you have most arduously performed my bidding, or rather complied with my requests—it is in the bond, Cornelius; but your taunts and your persecutions are breaches, which become more and more difficult to endure."

"You speak of your love for Feaghan: I released him through your entreaty. You know not the holy sentiment of love;"—and the dwarf wrapped the velvet covering more closely round him, and clutched something that was concealed beneath.

“ Another breach, Cornelius,” said the lady, with stern reproach ; “ nor shall the weapon you are now grasping—for I know it well—I say your weapon shall not prevent my asserting what I once felt for the now wretched outlaw.”

“ Ha, ha, ha!” laughed the dwarf, in sounds resembling a discordant crash of music. “ Beatrice, the outlawry’s removed, for Feaghan is no longer a living being. His body, pierced by bullets, is now—”

The dwarf stopped—for, at this very instant, the door of the apartment once more swung upon its hinges ; and Feaghan, with the dead body of the murdered child grasped closely in one arm, and the halter in his hand, moved slowly and noiselessly in. His eyes were fixed and glaring ; his dress was still dripping with water and saturated with blood, that kept oozing through ; his face was ghastly pale, and he slowly advanced towards the couch. The lady shrieked, and fell in strong convulsive fits ; the nurse buried her face beneath her knees, in breathless silence—

whilst the dwarf, with eyes nearly starting from their sockets, looked wildly on the supposed spectres, till horror overpowered his reason, and he fell backward on his pillow a raving maniac.

Whatever was Feaghan's purpose in this insane visit to his enemy, or how he had gained admission, must remain mysteries. He stood for several minutes, sternly looking at the dwarf—gave a scowl of contempt at the prostrate beauty—muttered the word “Revenge!”—and then slowly returned by the way in which he had come.

Beatrice Mackenzie was the daughter of Scotch parents, but born in England, at a period when her father was a subaltern in the army, and her mother marched with the regiment; but though poor and often in difficulties, their near connexion with the head of a leading Highland clan, rendered them almost insufferably, and certainly most ridiculously, proud. From the earliest hour of her birth, Beatrice had known no other home than the cheerless and confined apartment

allowed as barrack *accommodation*, or the uncomfortable and confined space afforded by cheap lodgings.

Lieutenant Mackenzie was a remarkably handsome man, and his "leddy," as he always styled her, was extremely beautiful; but there was a cold reserve in both that rendered their acquaintance anything but agreeable, whilst their assumptions of dignity and exactions of respect became a by-word and a jest amongst both officers and men. After fifteen years of hard service as lieutenant, in addition to seven years in the rank of ensign, Mackenzie was elevated to a captaincy in the same regiment, and ultimately became its major, the increase of pay and the superior accommodation enabling him with more facility to sustain the character that was natural to him.

For this promotion he was indebted to the surpassing beauty of his daughter, when presented in the vice-regal court at Dublin, where the regiment was then doing duty; but the ex-

treme haughtiness of the young lady kept the youthful and gay at a respectful distance, whilst her coldness of manner nipped at once the young germ of affection, which spontaneously sprang forth in the warmth of admiration at a first interview. It is true there were men in the middle age of life who would have been proud of such commanding beauty in a wife; but these were generally place-hunters or afflicted with poverty, and Beatrice scorned them all—whilst gentlemen of wealth and title saw in her person every thing to admire, but in her repulsive manners nothing to love.

Still Beatrice remained for many months the reigning toast of Dublin, and incessant were the compliments she received from all classes of the warm-hearted Irish. Nor was she insensible to this species of adulation, for it inflated her pride and hardened the natural obduracy of her heart. Her parents viewed with ill-repressed gratification the homage that was paid to their child, and though her education had been but scanty, yet

good natural abilities and a perfect self-confidence rendered her worthy of the regard of those who valued external accomplishments and native dignity beyond the soft yearnings of a humane and affectionate heart.

Miss Mackenzie was in her eighteenth year when the regiment was ordered into the wildest part of the county of Cork, and the major established his quarters in the town of Bantry. Beatrice felt this a sad change from the splendour and security of a metropolitan city to the mountainous district and barbarous manners which every where presented themselves. Still the same admiration was experienced, and an intercourse was soon opened with all the great families in the neighbourhood. It was whilst on a visit to an ancient baronial castle that the young lady entered the drawing-room, just as the twilight shades of evening were closing in, and the gorgeous splendour of the setting sun glowed on the verge of the horizon, casting a rich reflection on the beautifully stained glass of

the castle casements. There was but little company present, and Beatrice walked to one of the window recesses to view the brilliant spectacle, for adamant indeed must be that heart which refuses and rejects the influences and hallowed devotion which the glorious sunset of an autumnal evening is calculated to inspire.

Within the same recess, but partly concealed by the mantling curtains, sat (as she thought) a person, whose features were unknown to Miss Mackenzie; but the large and expressive eyes were fixed upon her in the silence of intense worship. She spoke of the rich tints that hung upon the sky, and the magnificence presented by the rainbow mixture of resplendent colours, and she was answered by a low dulcet voice that sounded like the breath of heaven sporting amongst harp-strings. A thrill of extacy—a strange sensation, such as she had never before experienced, passed through her bosom—those large but piercing eyes were riveted on her countenance with a look approaching to adora-

tion ; for the first time in her life she shrank before the gaze of man, and an unaccountable tremor came over her whole frame. Intently did she listen to that sweet harmonious voice—an enchantment seemed to be weaving its mystic web around her ; yet the fascination was so exquisite, that had existence been the forfeit, she could scarcely have closed her ears.

The room was lighted up, but still the pair remained within that pleasant recess, watching the falling shades as they deepened on the landscape, and cast a mournful gloom over the fading splendour of the west. It led the conversation to moralizing themes—the brightness of hope retreating before the moody melancholy of unrequited affection—the smile of friendship and the look of love yielding to the funereal darkness of a threatened tomb.

“We will return to the company,” said the lady, presenting her hand to her impassioned admirer, who would have still lingered in that recess where he had first drank the intoxicating

draught of love, that filled his frame with new and never-before-felt sensations of exquisite delight. Sanguine in his temperament, he had lived years in those few minutes of delicious enjoyment. He pressed the soft hand of the lady to his lips, nor did she seem offended at the freedom, though it hastened her departure. They stepped forth from the recess into the bright glare of the room. Miss Mackenzie turned to look upon her companion—those piercing eyes were keenly fixed upon her; but a cold sick shuddering, like the plunge into icy water, caused her to draw a tremulous respiration—an evidence of repulsive horror was portrayed on her countenance when she beheld the hideous deformity of Cornelius, the dwarf, and suddenly she withdrew her hand, as if shrinking from his gentlest touch.

The humbled being saw in an instant that the structure he had been erecting was at once laid prostrate and in ruins: there was no mistaking the proof of utter hopelessness, as it respected reciprocal regard, and he was in a moment hurled

from the height to which he had heedlessly climbed into the very depths of agonized despair. Writhing his white hands amongst his jet black hair, he uttered a yell of anguish, and rushed from the room. The peculiarities of the dwarf were well known to the persons assembled, and the present occurrence caused but few observations; though Beatrice learned that he was a young man of great wealth and good family, and heir to still greater expectations as well as a title, no small recommendations to the ambitious girl, and throwing a gilded pall over his deformity of person.

Some few weeks after this event, as Miss Mackenzie was returning to Bantry, she fell into the hands of a party of rebels, who carried her off to the mountains, but offered no other molestation, though every hour her peril increased as their respect diminished. From this situation she was relieved by the presence of Feaghan, who behaved to her with gallant decorum, and so won upon her regard, that in spite

of herself she could not help cherishing for the outlaw sentiments of attachment which she had denied to more honourable men. But Feaghan was impervious to her fascinations—he looked upon her commanding beauty with an eye of indifference, amounting nearly to total disregard. This was something new to the proud girl, who had been so universally used to the admiration of all. The smuggler treated her with becoming courtesy ; but went not beyond the bounds of distant politeness, and Miss Mackenzie felt piqued that her charms should fail. Besides, there was an air of romance in her detention that corresponded with her haughty notions, for it seemed to render her of great personal importance in her own estimation.

At length she was restored to her friends ; but not till she had conceived for the outlawed smuggler a passion as powerful and as permanent as her nature would admit. Nay, she even exceeded what might have been expected from one so habitually frigid. She determined to see the Smasher again, for the romance of her regard was

heightened by his situation as an outlaw, and by the anecdotes of his gallantry and bravery which she had heard since her return.

She did meet him; but Feaghan expressed but little pleasure at the interview, which had been obtained through the instrumentality of the dwarf, who still worshipped the divinity his mind had created, though at a humble distance. More than once she sought the handsome smuggler, who remained perfectly insensible to her blandishments, though he conducted himself with studied politeness and respect. She had at length found a man, young, handsome, and daringly brave, who did not care for her. The vanity which characterized her disposition was hurt—the self-esteem, which formed a prominent feature in the operations of her mind, was wounded; and the greater were the efforts she used to shake off the trammels with which she was enveloped the more she became embarrassed in its meshes, till every faculty and feeling of her heart was devoted to the outlaw Feaghan.

CHAPTER III.

“The thieves have bound the true men ; now could thou and I rob the thieves and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.”

HENRY IV.

WHAT a strange compound of stubbornness and perversity is the human mind, and frequently does it happen that the Supreme Being, in the plenitude of his omniscience, permits mortals to inflict punishment on themselves by allowing them the free exercise of their own worldly wisdom and desires ! Thus Miss Mackenzie, who felt an aversion to the dwarf amounting almost to hatred and detestation, submitted to coax, and even to flatter him, so as to secure his agency in procuring interviews with a man who, whatever were his lawless dealings, was

disgusted with her boldness and want of delicacy ; and the woman, who would have shrunk from the dishonourable proposal of a monarch, was madly sacrificing reputation to lavish her uncoveted regards upon an outlawed smuggler, and a rebel to his king.

Thousands would have felt supremely honoured by a smile from the proud beauty, but, disregarding her ardent admirers, she looked only with pleasure on an outcast from society with a price upon his head ; and at length that outcast spurned her from him ; for his affections were undeviatingly cemented to the simple-minded but confiding niece of his aged tutor, nor could all the temptations or allurements of Beatrice induce him for one moment to forget his fidelity to Annie.

It was then, when stung almost to madness by unrequited passion, the beautiful woman, contemned and despised by the only man she had ever loved, determined on revenge, and for this purpose formed that contract with the dwarf

which subsequently led to the chief evils of his existence, and she became the prompter to his acts of guilt and vengeance. Yet still her regard for Feaghan could not be subdued, and after her union with the dwarf she became the mockery of the gay and fashionable world, and the scorn of those in humbler life. Thus situated, splendour and magnificence became her aim ; the residence of her husband displayed the evidences of her aspiring mind—she ruled in everything uncontrolled, and, as she sought no longer to be loved, she left no means untried to excite envy.

The delighted Cornelius fancied himself blessed by the acquisition of such a treasure, but as time progressed he longed for softer endearments—for a more congenial communion of spirit—for a home of quiet and joy in the heart of her his very soul loved ; and, like the parched wretch who is perishing for thirst, his agony grew more acute as his convictions became stronger that such enjoyments were lost to him—perhaps for ever.

Still his hopes were reanimated when his bride gave promise of becoming a mother, for he fervently anticipated that the sight of her infant would work a change in the feelings of the wife. She gave birth to a girl—a lovely babe, perfect in form, and fair as alabaster,—but the lady manifested no indications of tenderness for her child ; it is true she had its wants supplied, but she would not nourish it from those natural sources which Heaven had bountifully dispensed to her. She saw that it was well attended to, but she gave it no caress of maternal solicitude or fondness, and she never nursed it—no, not even for a minute,—whilst her conduct to her husband was more overbearing than ever.

The spirit of Cornelius was nearly overwhelmed by disappointment, yet, still blindly infatuated, her presence overawed him in his most savage moods, and all his resolves faded away when he contemplated her majestic person, and gazed with rapture on her heavenly counte-

nance, forgetting that it concealed an unfeeling and degenerate heart. Such was the position of affairs at the period now recorded, when Feaghan, in the delirium of fever, entered the room, and the results took place as already described.

But to return to the little chamber at the humble abode of father O'Fogharty, where, anxiously watched by the eye of affection, the smuggler laid, unconscious of all that was passing around him. The priest well knew the penalty to which he was liable for harbouring a rebel for whose apprehension Government had proffered so large a reward, yet his heart yearned towards his former pupil, and he could not deny him the rites of humanity. None but his own immediate servants were aware of Feaghan's introduction to the house, and of course no suspicion could be entertained as to the manner; the priest was himself well acquainted with surgery, he washed and dressed the wounds of the outlaw, and he was laid in Annie's own chamber. Of what had actually occurred they were

wholly ignorant, but the fair girl sickened when she thought of the dead child and the halter with which he had been murdered, for the discoloration, caused by the rope around his neck, made it but too apparent that it had been effected by strangulation.

Days passed away before Feaghan was restored to consciousness, and sentiments of grateful praise to the Deity, such as he had experienced in his hours of innocence, spontaneously burst forth. It seemed as if the lapse of years had been a dream of guilt and crime from which he had just awoke, and he once more found himself beneath that peaceful roof where he had been fostered with kindness, and under the guardianship of those who sincerely and anxiously desired his real welfare. There stood the worthy old man, the tears standing in his eyes, as, with hands extended over the penitent, he implored the Omnipotent to grant his pardon and his peace ; there, too, kneeling by his side, was his faithful Annie, shedding tears of un-
ut-

terable delight as she fondly cherished the hope that a restoration to reason was the precursor of a change from imminent danger to a prospect of ultimate recovery.

“How I came here,” said Feaghan, “I will not ask; it is enough for me to know where I am, to rest satisfied I am safe;” he paused; “yet there are confused recollections of the past that bewilder me. Did I come alone?—had I no companion?” and he shuddered.

“Rest aisey, my son,” said the kind-hearted priest; “do not disturb yourself by asking questions; but, as you have put it to me, I must tell you that you were not alone when they discovered you insensible in the garden. You would inquire what has become of the burthen you carried? Rest aisey again, my son; it lies in consecrated ground—masses have been said for its repose, for it was untimely cut off—”

“Ha-a-ha!” shuddered Feaghan; “murdered! father—murdered!—but not by me—oh no—no, Annie, not by me. It is no dream,

then ; the child was brought hither, and by my hands ! But where is the other boy ?” he glared wildly around him, and then, laying himself back on the pillow—“ stop,” said he, “ I must think—my thoughts are sadly deranged—father, forgive me !”

“ An’ may the Father of Mercies forgive you, my son,” uttered the aged priest, as his hands were once more spread over the wounded man, as if to impart the remission of guilt as far as he was temporally concerned, and to implore, with the energy of his spiritual capacity, the gift from on high which leadeth the sinner from the errors of his ways. “ But rest aisey, Maurice ; you must not talk now ; Annie here will watch over you, and —”

“ May the God of Heaven bless her,” slowly but fervently articulated the smuggler, as he pressed her soft hand to his lips. “ Oh, father, in the midst of guilt, when remorse sat heavy on my soul, how have I longed for the days of

early youth and innocence, when you were my kind preceptor, and Annie was—”

“What she will ever be, Maurice,” returned the affectionate girl; “do ye think I’ve not harde how you scorned that great and beautiful lady for me, and can you suppose I will forget it?”

“Annie, Annie,” said Feaghan, in a tone of anguish, “you must not, dare not, cherish feelings of regard for me; I am a man of crime, an outlaw, a wretch proscribed, and you are all innocence and simplicity. May the God of Heaven stretch forth his hand between you and harm!”

The priest made a significant motion for the maiden to be silent, and then, in the sublime language of Scripture, he soothed the troubled mind of his patient, and, administering a composing draught, left him to the operations of quiet repose. Feaghan slept soundly for several hours, and then awoke greatly refreshed; but he was not allowed to converse, for the priest was his

doctor, and Annie was his nurse, and they were incessant in the discharge of their several duties, well knowing that nothing but quiet could preserve him from a relapse. This regulation, enforced by mildness as it was dictated by kindness, produced the desired effects, and in a few days Maurice Feaghan was convalescent. His first act, after the preliminary rites, was that of confession ; but nothing was concealed from Annie that it was requisite or delicate for her to hear. He visited the grave in which Ned Jones had been secretly interred, and after a consultation amongst the trio, it was arranged that he should proceed to Bordeaux (where he expected the cutter would wait for him), for the purpose of ascertaining the fate of Hamilton, and, if possible, rescuing his men from peril, for he determined at once to abandon his illegal mode of life.

“ Oh ! Maurice,” said Annie, “let not the temptations of the world induce you to forget me ; other faces may smile upon you, but the

smile will not come like mine—warm from my heart, Maurice, and embalmed with my tears.”

“Remember, my son, that here you may always find a haven of peace and calm,” uttered the priest, with earnest solemnity; “and when your heart is ready to exclaim, ‘Oh that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away and be at rest,’ call to mind, my son, that I am a minister of that Saviour who said, ‘He that cometh unto me, I will in nowise cast him out.’”

“Oh never—never, Annie, will I forget, or cease to think of you as my guardian angel,” returned Feaghan. “Whatever may betide me, still I will cherish your memory in my heart, and should it please Providence to restore me to health and respectability, then, Annie, I will come to claim your promised hand. And now, father, your blessing before I depart, and oh! may it rest upon my head as a safeguard from enemies without, and the still more subtle enemy within

The young man kneeled, and Annie took up

a similar position by his side, whilst the aged priest uttered his fervent benediction—his voice sometimes full, bold, and clear, and then again shaken by tremulous emotion to childish weakness, as fervid recollections came across his mind, for he loved them both. When the blessing was over, a silence prevailed for above two minutes, at the end of which Annie threw her arms round Feaghan's neck and wept upon his breast. As soon as calm was restored, the outlaw bade them farewell, quitted the house of his generous benefactor, and, mounting the priest's horse, galloped hastily away, unable to control his feelings.

After a smart ride of three hours, he put up at the inn where he was to leave the animal; and the coach for Cork coming up shortly afterwards, he took his place inside, to proceed onwards with the intention of crossing over into England. What, however, was the painful condition of his mind, when just previously to starting he beheld, by the light of the coach lamps

(for it was dark), the features of several of the passengers who had descended for refreshment, and recognized the face of Captain Lilyburn, who, with an armed escort, was conveying two prisoners, heavily ironed, to the metropolis, by way of Cork.

“Haugh, fellows—hem !” exclaimed the revenue captain, addressing his captives. “Sorry to be obliged to keep you in limbo, very sorry, for the liberty of the subject is a great boon ; but can’t help it—positively can’t. Will you have anything to keep the fog out of your throats? eh lads, speak—some whiskey or brandy?” He held up a bottle—“This is whiskey.”

“Why, Captain Lilyburn,” returned one of the prisoners, who by his voice Feaghan immediately knew to be Tom Graves, “I am afeard it ’ull taste of the highgrommetter or the lowgrommetter, or some sich excise consarn ; but as I suppose there’s nothing else to be got, I’ll thank you for a glass of whiskey, whilst they’re fetching out the brandy.”

“Good! very good, my man,” exclaimed Lilyburn, laughing, “and what will your comrade have? a little of both? The night will be chill, and though freedom is denied, we must not forget humanity.”

“I’ll take some whiskey, captain,” replied the second man, who proved to be Peterson, “and if you’ll just let somebody clap a handkerchief by way of parcelling round the shackle to keep it from chafing my wounded ankle, I shall be much obliged to you.”

“Certainly, my man, certainly,” returned the captain, and he immediately gave directions that the request should be complied with, adding, “they’re brave fellows, and have behaved well: no, no, I’m not to be deceived in my knowledge of seamen.”

The coach soon afterwards drove off, the guards having previously examined the primings of their fire-arms and inspected the fetters of the prisoners. Nothing could exceed the perturbation of Feaghan, as he beheld his old subordi-

nates close to him, yet dared not put a single question. Lilyburn, however, had taken his seat right opposite to him, and though the darkness was too dense to apprehend detection, yet Feaghan took the precaution to muffle his face in a shawl handkerchief, and to gather his cloak closer about him. The inside passengers consisted only of himself and the revenue captain, together with another individual habited in the dress of an ecclesiastic.

“Fine night, sir,” said Lilyburn, addressing the outlaw. “Very keen though; keener, I think, than it is in England at this season, and I’m seldom mistaken in such matters. Pray, sir, are you a native of Ireland?”

“I am, sir,” responded Feaghan, speaking beneath his muffle, so as to disguise his voice, lest his fellow passenger should indulge in reminiscences of the past.

“Delightful country, sir—charming people, only they’ve such strange ways of showing it,” said Lilyburn, delivering his sentiments in ear-

nest. "Plenty of hospitality, and all that sort of thing; but then for duelling, sir. Lord, a man hardly dare open his lips, but a challenge is thrust down his throat. Yet, what otherwise is to be expected? Men who have warm hearts are seldom provided with cool heads."

"I trust you have not met with any inconvenience from my countrymen, sir," said Feaghan, considerately. "I should regret that one who appears to be so humane should suffer from our national peculiarity."

"Inconvenience? Bless your heart, no, Mister—I have not the pleasure of knowing your name—mine is Lilyburn, Captain of his Majesty's revenue cruizer the Dolphin."

"And mine," said the outlaw, as a spice of his former daring recklessness crept over him, "is Feaghan, a poor lieutenant, with leave of absence to pay suit and service to the Vice Regal Court at Dublin. Nothing done without interest now, Captain Lilyburn—nothing."

"You're very right, Mister Figgin," responded

the captain," very right—it is the curse of favour, sir—as one of our poets says, 'it is the curse of favour that preferment goes by service.'"

"Pardon me, Captain Lilyburn," said the smuggler, "but you have misquoted the passage. Shakspeare presents the very reverse position."

"The pardon's granted, Mr. Figgin—readily granted," answered Captain Lilyburn; "but believe me, sir, I quoted the passage right. Shakspeare, sir? Bless your heart I have him at my fingers' ends. No, no, Mr. Figgin, I'm never mistaken in such matters. What do you say, sir?" turning to the third passenger.

"Say! why that you've got him quite pat," answered the individual in a strong Irish accent, and with an extremely rough voice.

"Pat, sir. I think there is something ambiguous meant by that term," exclaimed the captain angrily, for though generally good-tempered, he was apt at times to be a little choleric when insinuations were offered that were hostile to

his self-conceit. But the stranger made no reply.

“May I ask,” said Feaghan, in a tone of inquiry, “who and what your prisoners are?”

“Thereby hangs a tale, Mr. Figgin,” replied the captain, with cautious reserve. “However, I may just mention, that they are smugglers, charged with having fired upon and killed in an action some of his Majesty’s servants, in a schooner called the Spider. Large rewards have been set upon their heads, and it has been my good fortune to catch these two, who I am taking to Dublin, that the Lord Lieutenant may personally be sensible of my zeal and—interest is everything, Mr. Figgins—interest is everything.”

“Of course you picked them up ashore, Captain Lilyburn,” said the smuggler, endeavouring to draw the other forward to a narration.

“That will come out on the evidence, sir,” replied Lilyburn; “but I may just tell you, that I did not pick them up ashore, but took them off a sinking boat that had been swamped.”

“Poor fellows, they were wrecked then,” uttered the outlaw in mournful accents. “To be wrecked and made prisoners was doubly hard.”

“All that, sir, will be detailed—amply detailed, when I am under examination,” returned the revenue captain; “but, Mr. Figgins, there can be no harm in my hinting that they were not what is technically called wrecked. The fact is, sir, their vessel was—” he paused to listen to some commotion that appeared to be taking place outside.

“Their vessel was what, sir?” exclaimed Feaghan impatiently, and forgetting in his anxiety the necessity there was for concealment.

“You seem over hasty, Mr. Figgins,” murmured Captain Lilyburn; “but I attribute it to your national peculiarity, as you just now called it, as well as your humanity.”

“Pray accept my sincere and earnest apologies, sir,” said the outlaw, happy to find that his indiscretion had not betrayed him. “You do indeed do me no more than justice, when you

attribute my vehemence to a humane anxiety to ascertain the fate of the rest of the crew."

"And very laudable too, Mr. Figgins—very laudable," assented Lilyburn; "but, sir, there is such a thing as being too communicative—though in genteel society one may have but little to fear; and from your appearance I should write you down gentleman, for I'm not very apt to be deceived in these matters. There's no telling, however, what ears may listen, and you know the adage, Mr. Figgins, 'a still tongue makes a wise head.'"

"Your reasoning is correct, sir," answered the smuggler, "though we in the army are not so very scrupulous in attending to the rule. Still punctilio, sir, is decidedly best in all the affairs of life, particularly amongst those who bear the king's commission; it saves unpleasantnesses."

"I very much admire the gentlemen of the army, Mr. Figgins," returned Mr. Lilyburn; "and had I not commenced my career in a

different line, I should most certainly have been a soldier. Pray, have you been much engaged, sir?"

"I presume you mean in Ireland?" replied Feaghan. "Why, nothing but a few skirmishes with the Whiteboys, who, as a matter of course, are hung or shot as occasion serves. By the by, we had a tolerably smart affair in pursuit of a notorious character they called the smouch—no, not the smouch—the snatch—no, that was not it either."

"Pray, where was it?" inquired Lilyburn, eagerly; "if you can tell me where it happened, I may probably assist your memory."

"It was somewhere on the coast about Bantry Bay," returned the outlaw; "and the fellow was a rebel and a smuggler."

"But a polite, gentlemanly man, Mr. Figgins?" said the captain—whilst the third passenger made a curious sort of a noise, but whether a grunt, or an ill-repressed chuckle, the sound was very odd. Lilyburn paused for a

moment, offended, but again proceeded. "The person you mean is called the Smasher."

"Ay, that is it," assented Feaghan with quickness; "how strange that I should forget! It *was* the Smasher. You seem to know him?"

"I was once in his company, Mr. Figgins; and I must say a more polite and well-bred man I have not often met with," responded Lilyburn. "I am seldom deceived in such matters—though, curse the chap, he played me a roguish trick, too!"—and the captain laughed—but suddenly checked himself, and solemnly added, "It is wrong—very wrong, to curse him now, since he has gone to his final account. I heard of it last night, at O'Connor Hall; and I could not help a feeling of regret that he should have been so instantaneously killed, without a moment for repentance."

Feaghan listened with deep attention; for this was the first intimation he had received that his *ruse* had succeeded. "It was sharp work,

captain ; he died a double death—shot and drowned !”

The third passenger again grunted or chuckled. “ Are you ill ?” inquired Lilyburn, who seemed annoyed at the noise ; but no reply was made. “ The gentleman, I presume, is fast asleep and snoring, though I must own I never heard so strange and unnatural a snore before, and I am not apt to be mistaken in such things.—Ay, sir, as I was saying, there was fire and water to destroy him, and the same elements conspired to sink his cutter.”

“ D——n !” uttered Feaghan, with vehemence, as in fancy he beheld the wreck of his lovely little craft, and became regardless of consequences.

“ Ay, it was indeed d——n !” responded Lilyburn, totally mistaking the cause of the exclamation, whilst the third passenger gave a louder grunt than before ; “ she was blown up, sir, and then went down.”

It was with great difficulty the outlaw could

repress his feelings, and probably some ebullition would have ensued, but the driver of the coach pulled suddenly up—the report of fire-arms was heard—the third passenger threw open the door, bounded into the road, and gave a shrill whistle, which brought nearly a hundred armed men in white frocks around him, and, calling to the guard, he ordered them to “surrender if they wished to save their lives.” The escort saw in an instant the utter uselessness of resistance, for the road was completely blocked up by trunks of trees, cars overturned, and whatever could be made available at a short notice for a barrier—they complied with the demand, and gave up their arms.

“How, what the devil is all this!” shouted Lilyburn, when the vehicle first came to a standstill; “a turnpike?” He heard the shot that levelled one of the horses. “Eh--what, highwaymen? I hope, Mr. Figgins, you will stand by me—halloo,” observing his fellow passenger jump out; “why the man’s going to run away

—the coward,” and he cocked one of his pistols, giving the other to Feaghan, when he learned that he was unarmed.

“ We are surrounded, Captain Lilyburn,” observed the outlaw ; “ these are a band of Whiteboys, come to rescue your prisoners.”

“ They shall have my life first, Mr. Figgins,” returned the Captain with energy ; “ will you stand by me, sir, or not?—say the word ‘yes,’ for the honour of the army and your commission, sir. These fellows will run the moment they are attacked, and here goes.”

“ Pardon me, Captain Lilyburn,” said the smuggler, detaining him in his seat ; “ you know but little of the courage and desperation of such men. Any resistance on your part would prove wholly unavailing, and draw down certain death upon your head, as well as upon the heads of your men.”

“ My life is my country’s, and so ought yours to be, Mr. Figgins,” retorted Lilyburn fiercely, as he broke from Feaghan’s hold ; “ I know my

duty, sir, and am seldom misled in such affairs.' He sprung out on the road, and calling on his men to secure the prisoners, discharged his pistol, which happily, however, did no further execution than putting another ball into the dead horse. The next instant he looked around him—saw his men disarmed, and slipping something from his pocket, he attempted to throw it away, but his hands were seized, and the key of the prisoners' fetters dropped at his feet, as he uttered, in mournful accents, "Dead beat, by Jove!"

"It's well you're not bate dead, you hum-gruffen," exclaimed one of the men who held him; "by the powers, but it's the laste taste in life you'll get of another hour—you hangman thief."

"Be civil, my friend—be civil," uttered Lilyburn; "I am not inexperienced in the hospitality of your countrymen, and, believe me, I venerate the liberty of the subject."

"Be me sowl, an it seems so, by yer keeping

it locked up," uttered another as he picked up the key, and handed it to the passenger who had jumped out of the coach.

"An, who the dhivil may you be, when yere scraped?" inquired a stout brawny fellow, looking into the coach at Feaghan, who still retained his seat.

"Oh! that—that is a wounded officer too lame to walk!" exclaimed Lilyburn, in the goodness of his heart trying to preserve his companion from molestation.

"An offisher, and not use his throtters?—bad luck to me if I don't carry him, then," said a third approaching the carriage, so that Feaghan, to prevent unpleasantness, alighted.

The spectacle was wild in the extreme; in front, gleamed upon by the lighted lamps, and seen dimly through the reek from the heated horses, was the barricade, and the dead animal;—a lofty bank ran up on the right hand covered with plantation, and on the left was the sloping descent of a rather steep hill, the valley being lost in the distant gloom, and the shade of the moun-

tain that rose on the other side of it. Behind, all was darkness, though against the faint light of the sky could be discerned a mass of moving bodies, the glimmering from the lamps as they threw out their radiance plainly showing their white smocks. Round the body of the coach were uncouth beings, armed with firelocks, pitchforks, scythes, spades, and numerous other weapons, engaged on the work of plunder, whilst seated on the bank were Peterson and Tom Graves, from whose legs the shackles were being removed, and during the operation it was with extreme difficulty they could keep away a noble looking Newfoundland dog that would have almost smothered them with caresses.

“ Down, Nep—down, owld boy,” said Tom Graves, soothingly ; “ we’ll talk to you presently—let’s get out of the darbies, Nep, and then—poor fellow, how natral to know an owld shipmate. But, where’s your master, Nep?—He’s gone, owld boy—gone for ever, and you’ll never get such another, Nep.”

The prisoners were released, and Lilyburn, Feaghan, and the guards were placed under surveillance, whilst a council was held as to what should be their future destiny. Their fellow passenger in the coach had headed the main body, and retreated along the road, as having some other immediate object in view, leaving about a dozen behind them to decide the fate of the captives, which was soon announced to be—death.

“This is playing vengeance with the liberty of the subject, Mr. Figgins,” said Lilyburn, composedly ; “rough law, sir, and rough justice—or rather vengeance. I will not plead for my life to rebels, sir—rebels against the King I venerate, and who have no respect for the trial by jury, or the privileges granted by Magna Charta—besides, sir, I see it would be useless, utterly useless. Look at those cut-throat faces longing for our lives—I never was deceived in physiognomy, sir, and take my word for it, Mr.

Figgins, in less than a quarter of an hour we shall both be as dead as mutton."

"Have better hopes, captain," returned Feaghan, in a voice only audible to his companion ; "your prisoners experienced your humanity, and see they are pleading for you—earnestly pleading."

"They'll plead in vain, Mr. Figgins, for they plead in *formâ pauperis*, sir," responded Lilyburn ; "and when was that ever attended to in any court ? I know a little of the law, sir, and am not often mistaken in these things. Nor have I any fear of death ! I have discharged my duty to my country, and, thank God, have a conscience void of offence. But let us prepare, sir ; do not cherish a single hope, Mr. Figgins, and thereby deprive yourself of the Christian's last consolation. See, Mr. Figgins, their entreaties are rejected ; let *us* look up to the great Being whose ears are ever open to the cry of the afflicted and the prayer of the penitent."

Feaghan felt particularly gratified at the calm self-possession of the revenue captain, and the total absence of unmanly fear. Peterson and Graves were, indeed, earnestly imploring the Whiteboys to spare the lives of their captives, but such was the strong hostility prevailing at the time against the revenue and the troops (some of the rebels having been taken only the day previous, and hung off-hand upon the branches of trees), that no intercession prevailed, and two or three of the Whiteboys advanced towards their prisoners with ropes in their hands.

“I told you so,” said Lilyburn; “here they come with the halters; you see I’m never mistaken. It’s discreditable, though, to die like a thief, when a ball through the heart would answer every purpose.” The men commanded them to take off their neck-cloths. “Let me look at that rope,” said the captain.

“Be my conscience but it’s sthrong enough, seeing as it hung Jack Hagarty yesterday,”

said the man, presenting the rope ; “ oh, tunder, never fear, my jewel, but it’ll howld you safe enough.”

“ Allow me, my friend, to suggest,” said the captain, as he carefully inspected the noose— “ just allow me to say that this is not a hang-man’s knot ; you see it will not render easily,” and he demonstrated his assertion. “ I’m not ignorant of these matters, having been many years at sea—and seamen, you must know, are curious in knots ; I cannot endure to see anything done lubberly. Now, learn something, my friend, and you’ll be able to ascertain that all’s ship-shape when it comes to your own turn,” and the matter-of-fact man cast off the noose, and then renewed it *secundem artem*, uttering, as he returned it, “ There.”

“ I am pleased to witness so much presence of mind,” said Feaghan, “ and trust it will have its effect upon these savages.”

“ Now then,” exclaimed the man, “ say a short prayer, or you may just squeeze out a couple,

but let them be close together, as time is precious to us, having other work in hand," and the fellow put the halter round Lilyburn's neck.

"Here's a basis for the moralist," uttered the captain, adjusting the rope and turning to Feaghan; "he talks of the precious nature of time; if it is so valuable to him, what must it be to us?"

The outlaw had not followed the example of resignation set him by his companion, for he had stood unmoved, without complying with the mandate to take off his neckerchief and undo his collar. "You'd better," uttered the fellow who was appointed to make his last toilette.

"Ay—it is of no use resisting, Lieutenant Figgins," said Lilyburn, grasping his hand; "let us die like men, and more, like gentlemen, for such I am sure we are, though you did not exactly second my attempt at defence. But, sir, I'm not easily deceived when I look upon a gentleman—there is a sort of brotherhood—a freemasonry—"

“Will you take the clout off, or must I make you?” roared the ruffian, addressing Feaghan and snatching at his collar, for which a blow from the outlaw stretched him on the ground.

“By all the divels in hell,” shouted another ruffian, rushing up to him, “but you shall pay dear for that,” and he aimed a blow at him with a spade, which would have cleft his skull, but Feaghan adroitly slipped aside, and the fellow, overpowered by his own impetus, fell prostrate with heavy weight.

Lilyburn had knelt down in prayer, but this resistance on the part of his companion brought him to his feet again, though the miscreant who held the halter tightened it about his neck. Peterson and Graves advanced to bid Lilyburn farewell, and to express their sorrow that he should suffer for having done his duty. “Cease this cursed cruelty—this thirst for blood,” shouted Feaghan, as—throwing off his cloak, shawls, and cap,—he stood revealed before them. “Down, Nep—down,” exclaimed he, for the

dog instantly recognized his voice, and, making one bound towards his master, leaped upon him in joyous playfulness.

“An’ who may you be, Misther king’s officer, that takes upon you to command free men?” said the apparent principal among the rebels, boldly strutting up to the outlaw.

“An’ who am I, Shamus?” returned Feaghan, in strong Irish accent, whilst Lilyburn looked on with amazement, and Tom Graves recoiled in superstitious dread; “it’s yeself as shall answer the question, as the brute baste has done afore you, Shamus. Who am I, says he—Grammachree, an’ who should I be?”

“Hurroo! your sows to glory,” yelled Shamus; “divel the bit less than himself. Hurroo and hurroosh, you tundering omadhaums—ye murthering bog throtters,” and away he cut and shuffled in the Irish dance, twirling his switch (about the dimensions of three stout broomsticks rolled into one), to the astonishment of his barbarous comrades.

“Well, this is a moral revolution, at all events, Mr. Figgins; and you bearing his majesty’s commission,” said Lilyburn. “To what, pray, may I attribute this change?”

“Have *you* no recollection of my features, Captain Lilyburn?” returned the smuggler, facing towards the coach-lamps so as to throw the whole of their light upon his countenance. “I’m paler and thinner than I was, for I have suffered much; yet you cannot have forgotten me? or,” added he, laughing in recklessness, “you must remember the Lilyburnalia!”

“Mr. Tooley, by all that’s abominable! My mind did misgive me,” uttered Lilyburn, as if vexed at the imposition, “for I suspected something of the kind all along. No, no, no,—I’m not easily deceived. But how was you saved?”

“Let it suffice for the present, Captain Lilyburn, that you and your men are saved,” returned the smuggler, as he fondled his huge animal, and then grasped the hands of his two subordinates, Peterson and Tom Graves.

“I am more happy to see you, sir,” said Tom, “than I am at having regained my liberty ; but both are a god-send, and so I’ll just log ’em down in the same reckoning. But the poor craft, sir,” added he, with a mournful shake of the head ; “the cutter, sir,—poor thing,” and he hung down his head in sorrow.

“Well, well, Tom, you shall tell me about that by and by,” said Feaghan, much moved by the man’s earnestness. “At present we must have other matters in hand ; the coach must be released, and Captain Lilyburn and his men sent forward on their journey.”

The Whiteboys no sooner were aware that the noted Smasher was amongst them, than they prepared implicitly to follow his directions, and though at first there was some murmuring relative to allowing the revenue men their liberty—especially as they were considered already condemned by the rule of retaliation—yet they ultimately consented to his wishes, and set about to clear away the barricade ; whilst the driver of the

coach unharnessed the dead animal from his team. In a very short time the passage was open for them to renew their journey, and Feaghan was anxious for their departure previous to the return of the main body of the rebels, whom he conjectured might not be so accommodating as their comrades.

Peterson and Tom Graves expressed their thanks for the humanity with which they had been treated by the revenue captain, who was excessively mortified at the rescue, though he had behaved well to the men. "I'll be honest, my lads," said he; "though I'm not altogether sorry for your good fortune, yet I would much rather have carried you on with me."

"You will act wisely, Captain Lilyburn, to refrain from such language," remonstrated the outlaw; "these men surrounding you are now dissatisfied that you will be suffered to proceed; do not inflame their passions by intemperate expressions. Life is worth more than a few hasty words. Besides," added he, laughing

“a man who so much respects the liberty of the subject, ought to be rejoiced to witness the exemplification of his principles, whether applied to others or brought nearer home to himself.”

“In a just cause, Mr. Tooley, or Mr. Figgins,” responded the revenue captain; “mark me, only in a just cause. My detention of your men was a point of duty; their release and my capture is a rebellious outrage,—there’s the distinction, sir. Oh, I know something of the law, Mr. Tooley Figgins, and am seldom wrong in my views upon such subjects.”

“At all events you are about to proceed upon your journey,” said Feaghan, “and, therefore, your only inconvenience is the loss of two noble fellows, who, instead of being sacrificed to what you call broken laws, will henceforth, probably, be a gain to their country. Had they disobeyed orders I should have shot them for mutiny; they preserved discipline, and I alone am to blame.”

“I can’t desactly understand the gentleman,” uttered old Tom, taking off his hat with be-

coming respect. “ It’s true he has been good to us, and we’ve had plenty of grub, and no bad treatment; but, to my thinking, when the fag-end of a rope was to bring us up all-standing, it was somut like fattening a mouse for the jaws of the cat. Now, look ye here. Suppose you had got us stowed away in the howld of Dublin jail, or any other jail—what then?—why, we should have been had afore the big-wigs, who ar’n’t got no reg’lar proper notions of the rights and privileges of the free trade, though many on ’em encourages it to sarve their own selves. Well, we should have been had up, and the consarn of the Spider overhauled again us; and not knowing, as I said, the rights and privileges of the free trade, they’d make out the defence of our lives and liberties to be an act of piracy—when, Lord love your heart, it ar’n’t no more like piracy than a tub of stuff is like a pope’s mitre. But that ar’n’t all, for they’d clench the end this here way—supposing any of the man-of-war’s men lost the number of their mess, they’d bring in a vardick of wilful mur-

der, instead of accidental death ; for we never points our guns with malice on a *fore thwart*, and don't know who we hits, so that, if they gets in the way of the shot, it's their own faults, not ourn ; and besides, they never think o' taking into their calculations who may be killed and wounded on our side. Now, this is—"

" Rather too long a sermon to be finished to-night, Tom," said Feaghan, as he motioned to him to remain silent.

" There's some force in the man's argument," said Lilyburn, who dearly loved a controversy ; " but if there is any one thing I can do better than another, it is just to show the fallacy of his reasoning. To a mind like yours, Mr. Tooley, or Mr. Figgins, only a very short time will be required to force conviction—"

" Which short time, my dear sir, able as I know your appeal would be, I cannot permit you to employ as you wish," said Feaghan, respectfully. " Self-preservation, you know, Captain Lilyburn—"

" They say is the first law of nature, Mr.

Tooley," returned the revenue officer, emphatically. "But, sir, if you will just grant me your indulgent hearing a few minutes, I think I can disprove the assertion—at least, place it in a negative light."

"I fear, if you do not quickly depart, you will have to regret not making it positive," urged the outlaw. "I can control the few who are surrounding us, but I will not answer for the main body being so tractable, should they return; there are some desperate fellows amongst them."

"Well, well, Mr. Tooley Figgins, it is kind and considerate of you," uttered Lilyburn, with strong emotion; "and as I hope one day or other to meet with you again, we may possibly be blest with more leisure to discuss the point at length. But, sir, you may rest assured—and I am not easily deceived in these matters—I say you may rest assured—"

"That the coach is waiting for you, Captain Lilyburn," interrupted Feaghan, somewhat im-

patiently, though he could not but be amused at the pertinacity of the pompous little man.—

“And now, sir, I must bid you farewell. Should any poor devils of smugglers hereafter fall into your hands, remember that your life has been saved by an outlawed rebel this night, and treat them with generous humanity.”

“In every thing consistent with my duty to my sovereign, Mr. Figgins,” returned the revenue captain, not a little affected. “But there is one thing, sir, in which I wish to prove to you the correctness of my discernment, and how difficult it is to deceive me in such matters. I said, from the first moment I saw you, that you was a man of education and a gentleman, and—”

“You forget the Lilyburnalia,” said Feaghan, laughing, as he opened the coach-door, and let down the steps.

“No, no, I don’t—I shall never forget it; but none but a man of wit could have devised such a stroke of policy,” argued Lilyburn.

“ However, I have most cordially to thank you for your kind intervention, and shall certainly make it known at head-quarters; not but I’m thinking the only *promotion* they would be desirous of bestowing on you, you would be equally desirous of dispensing with. Ah! my men are all aboard, I see: there’s coachee, with his signal for sailing.” He extended his hand to the outlaw, which was grasped with eagerness. “ Good bye, Mr. Tooley—good bye; Anderson will have the laugh at me again; but then, sir, he’s a know-nothing, after all.” Lilyburn took his seat.

“ As a matter of precaution, you have been deprived of all means of defence, should you be attacked,” said Feaghan; “ and as the district is in a very troubled state, I have written a pass, which, if molestation should occur, you have only to present to prevent unpleasant consequences;”—and he held out a slip of paper on which he had been writing with a pencil.

“ Thank you—thank you,” returned the

other, taking the document; and as he threw himself back in the vehicle as Feaghan closed the door, he heard him utter, "Smasher or no Smasher, he's a perfect gentleman, and there's no mistaking it."

Away drove the coach. The party, gathering up the plunder, promptly quitted the scene of action, leaving a scout to inform their comrades of the cause of departure. Feaghan now learned that the third passenger of the coach was well known to him as a man of independent property, who had become an amateur leader of the White-boys. He had been in the neighbourhood of O'Connor Hall, and had ascertained that Lilyburn was there with two prisoners, whom he was about to conduct by land to Cork, in defiance of the recommendations to take them round in his cutter. But Lilyburn could not believe there was any difference between travelling in Ireland and travelling in England: and as he declared "he was never deceived in such matters," he was allowed to have his own headstrong

way. The leader, on being informed of his decision, promptly despatched an express to get the boys together at the very spot where the coach was stopped, and taking his passage inside, the success of the stratagem has already been shown. But immediately on alighting, the leader detached the main body, leaving a sufficient number to carry summary execution into effect, and preferring to be out of the way at the time, for he entertained no idea that the Smasher would intercede in favour of the captives. The ostensible reason for detaching the main body was that a strong party had gone to seize some illicit stills that had been discovered in the neighbourhood, and he deemed it right to take with him an overwhelming force to defeat their intents. How far this was correct they did not discover; the stills were unmolested, they saw no troops, and long before daylight every man was snugly ensconced in his own little crib.

Feaghan was well aware that, as soon as the rescue of the smugglers and the resuscitation of "the Smasher" became known, no means would

be left untried to apprehend them ; he thought it would therefore be most advisable to quit that part of the country without delay, and as Kinsale was the nearest sea-port, a car was procured immediately at the next hamlet, and they arrived about daybreak upon the precincts of the harbour, where several homeward-bound vessels were riding, having been driven in by stress of weather. A fisherman's punt received the three, and they boarded a West Indiaman that was preparing to sail. Feaghan represented himself as the mate of a brig that had been wrecked, and his two subs as seamen of the same vessel, all wanting a passage to England, for which they proffered their services to navigate the ship. The West Indiaman was short-handed, and such an offer was very acceptable ; no questions were asked, no suspicions entertained, and the outlaw, accompanied by Peterson and Graves, and his faithful Neptune, had in a few hours the satisfaction of seeing the Old Head of Kinsale far astern, as they proceeded with a favourable breeze for the British Channel.

CHAPTER IV.

“Hark ! to the crashing of her masts ; the spar, and
helm, and sail,
Are borne away in the wrathful swirl of that relentless
gale ;
And from her broad and ribbed side each struggling
plank is reft,
Till there is not a shred of her bravery on that dark wild
ocean left.”

“AND now, Tom,” said Feaghan, as sitting on deck in their watch, “I must crave information relative to the fate of the Blue Bob, of which I have only heard some few particulars by fits and starts.”

“Ah ! poor thing,” groaned old Tom, “she hardly ever held up her head again after she lost yer honour ; and that same morning when owld black Mike came down to order us to sea,

and Muster Rapertee, like a devil's babby, all brimstone and blue blazes, it was a melancholy time for them as knew what a good craft was, and had any feeling in their hearts."

"It was Hagan, then, that brought the orders for going to sea?" said Feaghan in a tone of inquiry.

"It was, sir, and he got 'em of the owner," answered Tom; "but there was Muster Rapartee mad groggy, besides a broken collar-bone, and the people all mops and brooms. Howsomer, Muster Peterson got her out, and, as I have already towld you, we shortly arterwards missed one of the boys, for the young 'un they called Hammy, was shouting for him. What had become of him in course we never knew; but we made a beautiful passage to Bordoaks, and after waiting some time in expectation of your coming, we took in a cargo, and got all ready for starting. Muster Rapartee was ashore with his traps, laid up in sick quarters, so Muster Peterson and I got Hammy to live and mess with a

good motherly owld lady, as promised to take care of him ; but when Muster Rapartee came aboard again, he insisted upon having the boy brought back, or to be towld where he was ; but we'd made up our minds not to do either the one nor the t'other. Well, yer honour knows what he is when he gets into a rage—somet next akin to a norwesterly gale—still we wouldn't let him have his will o'the child, for he swore he'd murder him ; and at last he takes it into his head, all of a sudden, to purchase the anchor and run for home."

"Did he never say anything about the cause of his hatred to the child?" inquired Feaghan.

"No, sir, not disactly," responded the boatswain. "He used sometimes, when he was tosted, to talk about a large reward for the boy's life ; but we never could make out what he meant, and, some how or other, I don't think he know'd his-self."

"The grand secret then was safe from him,"

observed the outlaw, as if communing with his own thoughts; "but go on, Tom."

"There was a pretty breeze upon our quarter as we passed the Cordovan lights," continued Tom, "and we kept close along-shore, that we might step into any of the small ports, if so be as we'd been chased; but the wind dropped by the time we were inside of Bellisle, and then it fell calm for a couple of watches, and arterwards sprung up dead again us. Muster Peterson wanted to work up for L'Orient, or run into Quiberon Bay; but Muster Rapartee would thrash her along-shore; and though I own he is a good seaman, yet he arn't got the delicacy of the thing in working such a sweet hooker as the Blue Bob; he'd no tenderness nor diskrimmagement to relieve the craft in the heavy squalls, but forced her smack through all, however much the spars complained or the timbers moaned. Well, yer honour, we kept her onnatrally at it, straining her frame-work, and finding spells for the pumps, till we got up to Quimperlay; but

Muster Rapartee was never what you may call altogether sober, and he swore he would not give in, 'though it blowed top mawls and marlin spikes with the points downwards;' and there we was, retching off and on, burying the poor thing under the green seas as would have swallowed her, but that she was still lively and struggled again it, raising herself up upon the comb of the sea, and shaking herself clear of the spray, like a mermaid."

"Ah! she was a precious creature, Tom," apostrophized Feaghan, as recollections of his lovely vessel came across his mind; "she has stood under us in many a dark and trying hour, old boy, and I used to please myself with the idea that she was proud of carrying us securely over the foaming waters, and through the conflicting elements, where larger vessels must have perished."

"And d'ye think she warn't proud, yer honour?" appealed the boatswain, as if confident of the fact. "When did she behave so

well as during a strong gale and a heavy sea?— and to have such an onnatral eend at last!”

“D— the fellow’s perverseness!” exclaimed Feaghan, with a strong expression of bitterness; “but then it cost him his life, Tom.”

“And good right, too, sir,” returned Graves; “if he alone had suffered, it would not have been much matter; but there was them innocents, sir, who ownly obeyed orders—smart active men, throwing their limbs in the air, a leg here and an arm there, as if the craft had been laden with human fragments; oh! it was”—

“Ay, ay, old boy, I’m fully sensible of it,” said Feaghan; “but heave a-head, Tom; the watch is nearly out and I should like to have the *sequel*.”

“Then I’m thinking it’s lost, yer honour, that *suckwell*,” said Graves, not comprehending his captain’s meaning; “everything went down in the craft.”

“So I suppose, Tom,—so I suppose,” re-

sponded the outlaw, whose spirit was too deeply touched even to smile at the veteran's mistake ; "however, go on with your account."

"It was no use argufying with him, sir," proceeded the old man ; "he was detarminedly wilful, and wilful men will have their way. I was in hopes, howsomever, that when we'd weathered the Saints, or got through the Raz passage so as to open Dowarninney Bay, he would shelter there, or make for Brest ; but he retched right out from the land into the open sea, and we got the whole weight of the gale. At last it blowed itself out, and backed round to the southard, and then we'd a good offing, and made sail for home, with a heavy swell from a-head running right again us, and burying our bowsprit slap under. Nothing mislested us till we got somewhere away in a line to the west of Scilly, when a large frigate and a cutter hove in sight, right in our track as ever they could be. We wanted Muster Rapartee to haul to the wind and claw off out of their way, by weathering 'em and fore-retching withal—but he was stupid and obsti-

nate, and it seemed as if the doom of the pretty craft was already fated. The strange cutter we knew to be the Dolphin, and therefore we didn't care for her, provided we could keep clear of the frigate; but once under her guns, and it would be all over with the Blue Bob."

"And yet I have been under a frigate's bows, Tom, within half-musket shot," said Feaghan, proudly. "Her shot went over and over us, but they were bad marksmen, and except a rope or two stranded, and some dozen holes in the sails, I clawed off uninjured. And pray how did you go on?"

"Arter all we could say," rejoined the boatswain, "Muster Rapartee wouldn't bring her to the wind; he said 'she had beat her enemies afore by running, and she should beat 'em again.' —But Muster Rapartee warn't yer honour, to watch every heave and set of her bows, and to keep her steady in her course. He didn't know so much of the ways of the craft as yer honour, and consequently he acted a very foolish part in bearing down right slap into their teeth, when he

might have got clear off to windard in a few hours, and, mayhap, not never seen no more on 'em. Howsomever, away we went almost right afore it, and the people began to grumble, and then to threaten; and at last he towld 'em to bring the cutter close at it. The squaresels were lowered, and the sheets hauled in, in no time; but, just as we began to creep from 'em, the full effects of straining the poor creatur in the gale became onparent, and we found her mast-head badly sprung just under the eyes of the shrouds, and it kept twisting round at every heave, so that we expected to see the whole a wreck, without the slightest hope of getting away. How it held so long is my wonder!"

"It was a good stick, too," said Feaghan, mournfully; "but nothing can stand against the wear and tear of a heavy sea and a strong wind."

"Especially when there was no necessity for it, yer honour," observed the boatswain. "Howsomever, we got up some handspikes, and tried to fish it as well as we could, and shifted some

of the blocks below—but all was of no use ; down it came, after drawing away from 'em for about three hours ; and had it been only an hour or two later, when darkness spread itself over the ocean, they might have passed us by without seeing us. As it was, there we laid a complete wreck to be gazed at by the enemy, then out about two miles dead to looard. But whether to looard or to windard was no matter now, we'd only a bare pole standing, without a rope-yarn to kiver its nakedness, and every part of the decks was strewed with the sails and gear. I saw it was a done job, and there was no use in staying to be taken if so be as there was any chance of escape, so Peterson and I lowers down the cocktail from the after-davits without being obsarved, and, sliding over the taffrail, we got clear off, and pulled away right in the wind's eye.

“Presently Muster Rapartee caught sight of us, and hailed for us to come back ; but we couldn't agree to it at no price, so he orders up the

muskets and began peppering away at the cockpit, whilst some of the men were lifting the galley clear of the wreck, and trying to launch her. Just as we were rising on a sea, so that the open boat became exposed, a musket-ball grazed Muster Peterson's ankle, and knocked a plug-hole through the bottom; but we soon stopped the leak, and then stretched out again with all our strength. The galley was at last got out—but they broke her back in launching her, so that she would scarcely float; still she was soon filled with hands, though we had no fear of her catching us, and soon afterwards we saw her go down."

"Poor fellows!" said Feaghan, "they deserved a better fate—braver lads never engaged in the trade—and, except a little wildness that was easily subdued, many of them were civilized beings compared with the rough cast of their country. Did they all perish?"

"No, sir," responded old Tom, "for when we saw 'em struggling in the water we pulled

back again and saved three—all that remained out of fourteen. Again Muster Rapartee fired at us, and, not content with the muskets, he got the six-pounders to bear—but, though the shot danced past us, they never touched; and, having now four good hands and a cockswain, we soon widened our distance, and began to make sure of getting off, when an unlucky shot struck us just under the counter, killed one of the men, and we were soon striking out for our lives.”

“The villain!” exclaimed Feaghan, with vehemence, “the black-hearted villain; what good could your capture do for him?”

“Not none in the world, yer honour,” answered the veteran; “ownly I suppose he thought all hands ought to be tarred with the same brush. Happily for us, howsomever, the boat didn’t sink, so that we were able to cling to her sides, and buoy ourselves up with the oars. Well, sir, there I was, as happy as a cat without claws and a bull-dog in her wake. And there laid the craft I loved, soon to be a

prey for the Philistines. But I was mistaken, sir, for whilst I was looking at the poor thing, ready to make a child of myself at the thoughts of parting, a sudden blaze of light shot up in the air—there was a noise like thunder—the waters became convulsed—spars and limbs, and headless bodies, and burning sails, and many other gredients, all went aloft together, and then descended into the ocean in a thousand different directions, hissing and smoking as they fell ; then the waves rolled on as smoothly as ever. The Blue Bob had gone down, and the creatur that, one hour before, had looked so beautiful and brave, was buried beneath that element she loved to sport in, whilst a black cloud of smoke, like a funeral pall, hung over her place of intarment.”

“Do you think that it occurred by accident or by design, Tom ?” inquired Feaghan, much moved at the earnestness of the old man.

“It’s onpossible for me to say, sir,” answered Graves, in a tone of melancholy sadness ; “may-

hap they warn't over careful with the cartridges"—

“Or, perhaps O’Rafferty, in desperation, determined not to fall into the hands of those from whom he expected no mercy, fired the magazine himself,” observed Feaghan.

“It might be so, sir,” returned the boatswain, “but I’m ignorant which way it was done, and so is Muster Peterson. The Dolphin picked us up, and mayhap there was some others saved from the craft, as I seed the frigate’s boat out ; but I rather think not, the thing was so sudden. As I towld you already, the Dolphin picked us up, and then, after speaking the frigate, bore up for Bantry Bay. I believe you knows the rest.”

“Peterson, I suppose, knows the persons with whom he left the boy ?” said the outlaw, inquiringly.

“I should think so, sir,” answered the boatswain. “I could find it out easy enough, if I was ashore in the city, but I arn’t much head-piece to recollect outlandish names.”

“And now, Tom, what do you mean to do with yourself?” asked Feaghan; “you’ll not go back to Ireland just yet, I presume?”

“Not for this day or two, yer honour,” replied old Tom, laughing, “though the owner, I hope, will make all square in regard of the wages.” Feaghan smiled. “I shall go and clap my owld woman alongside, and lay in a stock of sleep to last me for the next six months.”

“A letter from me would find you, old boy, if directed to Folkstone?” inquired the outlaw.

“Why, for the matter o’ that, I dare say it would, sir,” responded the veteran; “but then I hopes you’ll send somebody to read it, for I never could make out written hand.”

“Oh, there’ll be no danger of your not finding out the meaning, Graves,” urged Feaghan. “I may get another craft, or a hundred things may happen in which I can serve you, and rely upon it I will never forget we have been shipmates. But the watch is out, old boy,—good night!”

Greatly to the disappointment of the outlaw, who hoped they should be obliged to put into a western port, the wind continued fair up the Channel. They took in their pilot off Dungeness, and proceeded for the Thames, and the first shore the smugglers touched was the landing-place at Execution Dock. This they ascertained from the waterman who landed them, in answer to their inquiry as to what part of London it was. Feaghan gave his subordinates a comprehensive look, but it served them for a joke when, seated in a snug parlour at a public-house, they were taking a parting glass.

Peterson declared his intention of returning to his native isle directly, but gave the outlaw very clear directions as to where he would find young Hamilton. Tom Graves started for Folkestone; and Feaghan, having procured cash for some good bills he held belonging to Mr. Cornelius, removed to the West-end, previously to taking his departure for Bordeaux. At length a vessel direct for the Garonne was advertised; he

bargained for his passage—embarked in the course of a few days—and by the expiration of the week, landed at this opulent, though far from splendid city. Without loss of time, he hastened to the street, according to the direction he had received, when a gens-d’armes arrested his steps, and demanded his passport. This was a requisite it had never entered into his mind to obtain, for when captain of a vessel it was unnecessary ; he was accordingly unprovided with the document, and as strong jealousies were then existing in the south of France, he was taken before the mayor, who committed him to prison till he could be sent out of the country.

In vain Feaghan pleaded in his own behalf, and told a narrative of the real circumstances that had brought him to Bordeaux ; he was, in their estimation, either an Englishman or an American imbued with a revolutionary and republican spirit, because he was destitute of passport. In vain the outlaw endeavoured to get some one to proceed to the house of Madame

Brienot (the person with whom Hamilton had been left), and inquire for the child: no one dared offend the authorities, and the money he offered for the purpose was construed into an attempt at bribery, and he was confined more closely than ever. The schooner he had come in was ready to sail again, and the disappointed, vexed, and dispirited smuggler was compelled to reembark for England, without obtaining the slightest information of the object for which he had undertaken the voyage.

The schooner quitted the Garonne with a fair wind, but the weather was of that portentous character that indicated a gale. Although running close along-shore, the land could be but very dimly seen, and at length the haze was so dense that it was necessary to haul further out to keep clear of the rocks off Sable d'Olonne, (the Barges), and to run outside the Isle* d'Oye.

* Generally printed Isle Dieu on the English charts, and thus the "island of Goose" is transformed into "God's isle"—"Ile d'Oye" being the correct name given by the French.

Feaghan was well acquainted with every part of the coast, and he more than once or twice suggested to the master of the schooner (a stubborn north countryman) the propriety of getting a good offing, lest the gale which threatened to come from the westward should embay them with the whole weight of the Atlantic on their back. The master, however, was offended at the outlaw's interference—told him to “mind his own concerns,” and persisted in his course.

The evening was dark and gloomy, and the schooner, with but little wind, was enshrouded in a thick fog, that seemed to cling to her rigging and sails with a pertinacity that did not fail to make a due impression on the superstitious minds of her crew. The heavy swell came rolling in, indicating that there had been or still was raging, a strong gale to the westward, which had not yet reached the bight of the bay. The craft, however, was considered a good sea-boat, and she was very fairly manned.

During the first watch the wind shifted to

west-north-west ; but light, with occasional puffs that by their peculiar angry sound, conveyed a warning to the seamen there was no possibility of mistaking. The master was informed by his mate of the change, and was promptly on deck, and got a cast of the lead, but found no ground at eighty fathoms. Judging by this that they must be well out from the land, he continued on the larboard tack, imagining that as the tide was setting to the northward, he should thus make a weatherly board. The lead was kept going at intervals of a quarter of an hour (the schooner having but little way) ; but still no bottom, even with a hundred fathoms.

At midnight a sudden squall that nearly laid the vessel on her beam-ends, came like a fierce herald spurring with hot haste to announce the approach of the gale. Feaghan was prompt in rendering his assistance ; the sails were reduced or taken in, and every moment increased the fury of the storm. The swell no longer moved lazily in undulating waves—sometimes as if aroused

from stupor, curling their heads with mimic foam ; —they now dashed with raging wildness, impetuously tossing their hoary crests in air, as if defying the mighty power that rushed howling over them with a war-whoop of desolation.

The exertions of his passenger somewhat softened the asperity of the schooner's master, and he deigned to ask Feaghan several questions concerning the coast, though the outlaw had studiously avoided every thing that could lead the other to suspect his real character. Yet the few words he had uttered by way of recommendation, were sufficient to impart to a seaman a conviction that Feaghan was pretty well acquainted with that part of the world. But, still conceitedly confident in his own resources, the north countryman determined to be guided solely by his own judgment.

“ Whereabouts do you imagine us to be ? ” inquired he of the smuggler ; “ we must be well out from the land, as we had no sounding in a hundred fathoms at the last cast.”

“That’s no criterion of your distance from the shore,” returned Feaghan, “for right in the fair way into Basque roads, between the Chasse-ron light and the Baleine tower, is one hundred and twenty fathoms.”

“It is not so on my chart,” said the master ; and they descended into the cabin, where he produced a book of old maps, known by the name of “the Quarter Waggoner ;” scarcely a rock, or a shoal, or a sounding being laid down correct. “You see,” said he, pointing to the spot, “there’s no such depth of water here.”

“I do see,” returned Feaghan ; “but I also know that it is incorrect. With such a haze as this, you cannot see your way to run back again. As it is, we are setting bodily in with the flood tide for Basque Roads, and by keeping her away we shall soon be enabled to get under shelter.”

“I have a different opinion,” returned the other ; “but will get another cast of the lead ;” and they returned to the deck.

The deep-sea line was passed along, and the lead hove. "Watch—watch—watch!" went the men, as the line came taut to their hands; but instead of a hundred fathom running off the reel, the ground was struck in forty-five.

"We are now well in the passage," said Feaghan, "and she'll drift in, in spite of you."

"Then I'm blowed if she shall!" muttered the master, and instantly ordered the hands out to wear her round.

The manœuvre was accomplished; but the gale came down heavier, till they could carry no other canvas than the foresail, with the bonnet off, a storm fore-staysail, and a main try-sail, under which, being heavily laden, she made no head-way, but bagged down bodily to leeward, shoaling her water every hour.

A dubious glimmering of approaching day began to mingle with the reflection from the white foam of the waters, when a blazing light became visible close to them, and the next instant the schooner struck heavily abaft, and

knocked away her rudder ; all hands were instantly on deck, expecting immediate death, and terrific was the scene as the breakers rolled over, and nearly buried the vessel beneath the ponderous mass of waters that fell upon her deck : but she still continued to float, though bulwarks, booms, boats, and every thing moveable were washed away. She did not, however, strike again—the panic subsided, and as the master had slunk below directly after the shock, Feaghan issued directions to man the pumps, and free her from the water she had shipped, whilst others took in the foresail and fore-stay-sail ; he knew by the light they had struck upon the extreme point of Oleron, and the gale having come round to the north-west, the only chance was a long drift, and the tide now setting out of Basque Roads.

Happily she did not leak much, and by dint of hard pumping she was freed from water, and kept free, and though dragging along-shore, every wave driving her nearer in, yet he did not wholly despair of saving the people, should the gale abate,

The vessel being pretty snug again, the master came on deck, and once more resumed authority ; but the manner in which he had been employed whilst below was speedily made evident by the rolling of his eyes and the thick utterance of his speech,—he was brutally drunk.

“ Who has shortened sail ?” exclaimed he, addressing the mate in as loud and threatening a voice as he could command,—“ How dare you, sir, take in the canvas without my orders ?”

“ There were superior orders to yours,” returned the mate, in a tone and manner of defiance : “ orders there were no disobeying, unless you wanted to make the schooner your coffin.”

“ And whose orders may they be, you vagabone ?” demanded the master, highly exasperated, and approaching the mate in a menacing attitude.

“ The orders of Heaven,” responded the subordinate,—“ would you had the sails blown out of the bolt-ropes ?—Besides, when one man quits his station, it’s time for another to take it.”

“It was at my recommendation the mate shortened sail,” said Feaghan. “There’s great difficulty, and much greater danger, in balancing a vessel’s canvas, for, after falling off the wind and gathering way, she is likely to have her bows beat in, in coming-to again, against the sea. Still, if the men will but work hard, by lashing the main-boom, the jib-boom, and the maintop-mast together, we may contrive something of a rudder, and keep her away for the Garonne.”

“And what pilot will there be to take us in?” inquired the master, with contempt.

“Will you place the craft in my hands?” said Feaghan, with considerable sternness; “I know every channel as well as the priest knows the way to his own parish church.”

“I have always found great talkers to be little doers,” muttered the master scornfully; then turning to where the steersman ought to have been, he vociferously exclaimed,—“Keep her away, and get the head-sails upon her!—starboard, you lubber, do!”

Notwithstanding the distressed condition i

which the vessel was, this ridiculous command (the vessel being destitute of a rudder) produced a burst of laughter from the crew.

“It’s not starboard—it’s *port* we want just now,” said the mate, “and I’m —— if we don’t try for it, if the passenger will only take command out of hands that arn’t fit for it. What do you say, lads?—this is no time to flinch.”

The men had all gathered aft during the foregoing controversy ; even the pumps were deserted, whilst Feaghan was holding on by the main-sheet block, and, with the practised eye of a seaman, was examining, as the vessel raised her stern, in what state her stern-post was, and calculating the probability of steering her by the main-boom alone. The language of the mate inflamed the passion of the master to an ungovernable pitch of fury, and the men replying to the appeal that they were “ready to obey the orders of a sober man,” maddened him still more. He cursed and raved, but there was nothing for him to lay hold of for the purpose of inflicting

summary punishment, as the sea had swept every thing away.

“Mutiny ! mutiny, by —— !” shouted he, striking his hands vehemently together. “You rascally scoundrels, you shall bring up at Execution Dock every soul of you.—You shall hang in chains in Blackwall Reach, and die like dogs;” he made an attempt to go down the companion-ladder, but fell from nearly the top to the bottom.

“He means mischief,” said the mate; “shut the companion-hatch, and fasten it. And now my lads, I’ve every reason to believe our passenger knows which are the aft-most braces in an admiral’s ship. Will you, all hands, follow my example, and obey him ? At all events, till we find as we can do better ourselves.”

This proposition was immediately agreed to, and a request submitted to Feaghan, to take charge of the vessel, every one promising implicit obedience to his orders. The outlaw smiled, and hesitated ; at last, he said, “I consent, but

you will find me a rough hand to deal with—remember it is your own seeking. Now away to the pumps.”

It must not be supposed that all this passed in a tranquillity resembling that of a quiet parlour ashore. No; the gale whistled fearfully through the rigging, and howled aloft, whilst the sea roared and raged below. The noise was almost deafening, and those who spoke had to raise their voices to a pitch above the storm, though the wind, descending out of the try-sail, kept the words from being instantaneously wafted away to leeward.

The pumps were readily manned, and the mate, with a party of hands, got the anchors clear for letting go, and hauled up a range of both cables along the deck—the main boom was then launched over the stern, the jaws being secured by means of a stout hawser, that passed under the counters, and the ends brought in-board; guys were placed at half-way of the length, and at the extremity of each rove through

a block lashed upon the boom, so as to afford a very fair purchase, and thus the spar extended right away from the stern-post. The very first trial proved its utility ; and had the weather been more moderate, would have served the purpose till they got into the Garonne. As it was, however, they did not dare to strain it too much, and every sea made it quiver.

The foresail and forestaysail were once more set, and they enjoyed the satisfaction of finding that they deepened their water, and were slowly drawing off the land, while their temporary rudder acted beyond their most sanguine expectations. The countenances of the men were once more animated and cheerful. They were ordered to get hasty refreshment, as Feaghan proposed to run for the Garonne ; the mate descended the companion-ladder, but immediately appeared on deck again, his face pale and agitated, for he had found the master, lying in the same spot where he had fallen, a breathless corpse.

“Do not let the people know any thing of the matter,” said Feaghan; “it will perhaps excite superstitious fears and ——”

The mate shook his head. “He said he was a doomed man, when we first left our moorings in the Thames—and I knew it would be so, for the cat had been foul of his stores the night before, and, in the heat of his passion, he hove her overboard. I fear there’s a curse upon us, and concealment can be of no use.”

The outlaw saw that remonstrances would be useless; nevertheless, he commanded the mate peremptorily to keep the master’s death from the knowledge of the crew; and now the very man who had been the first to place himself under Feaghan’s orders, was also the first to resist his authority. By the master’s death he succeeded to the command, and trusting that the principal danger was passed, he longed to exercise the power this new office conferred upon him. The authoritative order of Feaghan sounded harshly to him, and he answered, “Who the devil set

you up as skipper here? I shall act as I please."

"Not till the men have recalled their confidence from me," exclaimed Feaghan, proudly. "Ask them; I'm ready to resign the command in an instant."

"I tell you what it is, Mr. Barber's Clerk; you're a bit of a Jonah, or you wouldn't have been bundled so quick out of Bordeaux," retorted the mate, angrily; "my men shall henceforth obey me, and me only."

"Let them say as much to my hearing, and I'm content," responded Feaghan; "and as for your taunt, mark me, fellow!"—and he assumed one of his terrible looks—"I have kicked fifty better men than ever stood in your shoes before I'd my breakfast, in the morning."

Part of the crew were attending the guys during the discussion; but as the parties were well forward, they could only make out that something was wrong, without being able to ascertain the cause. In a short time the other

hands came up, and the mate informed them that the master was dead—that he now took upon himself the command, but had been resisted in his duty by the passenger, who had insulted him, and wanted to usurp the sole authority.”

“My lads,” said Feaghan, “it seems that the strife of the elements is not sufficient to call every man to his station, but that human passions must also have contention, and whilst the angry breath of the Almighty is on the waters, the puny voices of his creatures must be heard in quarrels with each other. This ought not to be ; and as from you I received my command, so I will not yield it up but into your hands. If your new master—how he came so, he must himself be the best to explain—but I’m saying, if your new master can save you, let him do so ; if not, then trust to me ; and though it is not in mortal power to command success, yet nothing shall be wanting on my part to place you in safety.”

This long, and to them learned, harangue was

listened to with earnest attention: but, without replying, they all went aft, clinging to the ropes that had been secured to the stanchions by way of rails. The mate soon joined them, and they continued in consultation, whilst Feaghan ascended the fore-rigging to look away to leeward along the land, that he might try and make out the beacons of the river that forms the eastern boundary to the isle of Olleron, or the river Seudre, a narrow creek running into the main. The principal object he was desirous of accomplishing was, if practicable, to get the schooner into one of these places, should it be found preferable to going for the Garonne. Whilst thus engaged, he beheld a tremendous broken sea, rushing with vengeance towards them, and he clung convulsively to the shrouds.

Again it rose with still mightier power, curling its huge head, and roaring, as in its haste its summit cascaded like an impetuous torrent, leaving behind a bubbling and a hissing foam.

A third time it lifted its enormous mountain

of water close to the vessel's bows—the men were too deeply engaged in debate to be conscious of its approach—Feaghan shouted, but his voice was borne away to leeward unheard—it struck the schooner—the shock made her masts tremble like reeds—the decks were completely buried, not a vestige of them was to be seen—the waves, to the height of several feet, made a clear breach over her. Feaghan gave himself up for lost, but the stout vessel once more righted—and, raising herself from the threatened grave, seemed trembling at the horrible fate she had so lately escaped. But not a soul was visible where, only a minute before, the mate and twelve stout men were holding eager consultation. There was a struggling in the white foam to leeward—here and there a head was raised, and some strong swimmer plied his sinewy arms with unavailing energy—the main boom had snapped in two, and one was grasping the shattered spar with the clutch of despair—the trysail and the foresail were rent

to ribands—the vessel had been forced to bear up by the weight of the billows—the forestay-sail had no counterbalancing power abaft, and accelerated her motion—she was soon careering before the wind—the drowning wretches were left to perish, and Feaghan alone remained of all the gallant spirits that had quitted the Garonne the morning previous.

For some time the outlaw remained in the rigging, his energies, in a great measure, paralysed at the awful spectacle he had witnessed—he then descended to the deck to obtain food and brandy; but the cabin was full, the dead body of the master was washing to and fro—a shuddering sickness came over him—he experienced a dreadful feeling of loneliness on the deck, and therefore again took his station in the shrouds aloft, and watched the wild course of the schooner, which, unrestrained by the hand of man, rushed onward in her devious track, and, as if maddened by the storm, pursued her own impetuous way. Every moment brought

her nearer to the land, upon which the sea was breaking to a dreadful height—she struck, and reeled upon her side, as the receding wave recoiled on the one approaching. Again she was lifted up and borne further in—then her crashing timbers fell heavily on the beach—her masts went by the board—she rolled over and over—and in less than half an hour not a vestige of her was to be seen.

CHAPTER V.

“ A negro has a soul, an please your honour,” said the corporal, doubtingly.

“ I am not much versed, corporal,” said my uncle Toby, “ in things of that kind ; but I suppose God would not leave him without one any more than thee or me.”

STERNE.

BUT it is now necessary to resume the dropped thread of our narrative attached to Hamilton, and first of all it would be as well to give a brief account of the individual to whose care he had been entrusted.

In one of the small dwellings that contrast so strangely with the large and magnificent warehouses abutting upon the quay where the river Garonne first washes the city of Bordeaux, lodged Madame Brienot, upon a second floor, her window commanding a pretty prospect of the vine-clad hills upon the opposite shore, and

a long sweep of the downward course of the stream, that carried off all the impurities of this opulent mart, except such as, in its vagaries or disgust, it offensively deposited upon the banks on either side to offer putrid exhalations to the sun.

Madame Brienot was a native of the island of San Domingo, and in early life must have been very beautiful. She was the reputed daughter of European parents, but in point of fact, her father was a Spaniard, and her mother a coloured woman, whom he actually had the hardihood,—the daring hardihood,—to make his wife. This marriage, however, exposed him to the contumely and revilings of his neighbours, and as his wife was not allowed to sit in the presence of white people, even in his own house, he had the alternative of cutting all his old acquaintances, or seeing the partner of his heart dishonoured and degraded.

He was not long in making up his mind, and

soon after the birth of a daughter he embarked for his native land, where he hoped the taint of blood and colour would pass unknown, and consequently unnoticed. But this he found was not to be the case, so he retired to the neighbourhood of Bordeaux, where, in a small neat chateau, he lived in blessed retirement and educated his child. Madeline was indeed a lovely girl, with all the pride of the Spaniard blended with the vivacity of the Frenchwoman. As she grew up she became the admiration of the gallant youths of Bordeaux, and at a fitting age was married to a young officer, of small fortune, but the representative of an ancient family, which had in former days borne exalted titles, and inhabited splendid palaces. But property must fail where double the amount of income is expended every year, and the young Marquis de — found himself at the age of eighteen with scarcely any other resource than his commission as a lieutenant, and a small annual

stipend from the royal purse ; he therefore wisely dropped his title, and assumed the family name Brienot.

Unexceptionable in character, handsome in person, Don Juan Pinziero would not reject him on account of his poverty ; the Don had wealth enough, derived from his West India estates, and the affectionate Brienot was united to the beautiful Madeline, on condition that the former resumed his title. This was a bold stroke of policy in the Spaniard, for he hoped, as the Marchioness de —, his child would never be remembered as having,—by how many descents' was unknown,—the dark blood of the negro race within her veins.

But human foresight and human precaution are oftentimes baffled by the decrees of fate. Man fancies his schemes are immaculate in the wisdom that planned them ; he raises what he conceives to be an adamantine barrier against misfortune, and he dies full of confidence that no attack can injure the structure he has raised.

Alas ! how very often does almost the last breath that departs his body destroy the whole, and the toil of years is crumbled with electric-like force to dust. Don Juan departed this life, and his body was interred with much pomp at his native place in Spain ; the Donna did not long survive him, and the young Marquis and Marchioness took possession of the chateau, and lived for some time in the enjoyment of every thing that could render existence desirable.

A storm, however, was literally gathering against them, for a hurricane in one night devastated their estates in Saint Domingo ; and, as they had not lived very frugally at home, they became involved in embarrassment and difficulties, and the Marquis resolved to embark with his wife for the colony, to see what could be rescued from the wreck. Once more sinking his title, they arrived at the island in safety ; but to his great mortification he found the marriage between Don Juan and his partner was doubted, and that, although a still further remove had

taken place, his beautiful Madeline was still considered to have negro blood in her veins, and therefore was not eligible to the society of pure whites; whilst a relation of Don Juan, taking advantage of all the circumstances, had put in a claim, and obtained possession of the estates, which the courts ultimately awarded to him.

Now it was shrewdly suspected that this very relative had destroyed the evidences necessary to prove the legitimacy of Madeline, and having been for many years a resident on the island, had been able to influence the judges in the cause. Whether this was true or not, the Marquis and Marchioness found themselves reduced almost to penury. He was glad to accept of a minor appointment in the colony, till he should be enabled to obtain something more advantageous; and as his wife was excluded from female society, he sent her back to Bordeaux, to dispose of their effects in that neighbourhood, purposing, as soon as he could obtain leave of absence, to re-join her in France.

Alas ! that time never came ; for shortly after Madeline's departure he sickened and died, and a month after her arrival at Bordeaux the afflicting news was brought to her that she was a widow. Thus was she left in a state bordering upon destitution, for the sale of the chateau would scarcely do more than pay the creditors. The young and lovely Madeline shrunk from the world, and was just kept above actual want by a small pension from the royal purse. Several suitors, both honourable and dishonourable, presented themselves ; but she refused all, out of respect to the memory of her husband ; and though by title and rank a Marchioness, yet she contented herself with the lodgings above named as Madame Brienot.

Kind, affable, and comely, she was universally respected, and every one was ready to perform an act of attention to the widow, so that she slipped over the roughs of life with greater ease and comfort than could have been expected, considering the circumstances in which she was

placed. Thus years glided away—her rooms were the *beau ideal* of neatness and taste, as far as her extremely limited means would extend; nor were there wanting many who made her presents of numerous articles to please the eye, although her Spanish pride would have revolted at the offer of pecuniary aid.

Such was Madame Brienot, when, looking out of her window on to the quay, she had seen Peterson and Tom Graves, with little Hammy between them, making anxious inquiries of the bystanders, who shook their heads, as if unable to reply in the affirmative. Now Madame Brienot, although no gossip, yet possessed the usual inquisitiveness of all Eve's daughters, and longed to know what it was that the two seamen were asking about,—and really there was some excuse for it; the noble-looking boy, with his fine flaxen curls and full blue eyes,—the apparent seriousness of the men, and the constant palsied negative that met their questions—Madame Brienot could not resist it; she slipped

on her bonnet, and armed with a fan, of formidable dimensions, dangling on her left arm, she sallied forth, without however exciting suspicion as to her real object, just as the seamen and their charge was approaching towards the door.

Neither Peterson nor Tom Graves would probably have mustered up resolution enough to address her had she not gazed upon the boy with a smile which instantly made prize of the hearts of both ; and Peterson, removing his hat with all the politeness of a Frenchman, inquired whether she could direct him to some person with whom he might leave the *garçon* for a few weeks, till they sailed.

The widow looked at the boy, his countenance pleased her, and after a few inquiries she invited them to her lodgings, where she became mistress of his story, as far as the second mate and the boatswain thought proper to state the circumstances connected with what they knew of his history. Hamilton seemed to make himself very comfortable with the *bon bons* which were

supplied to him, by a young girl who formed the whole of the widow's establishment, and eventually she consented to take charge of the boy for the time required. There was some difficulty about terms, as Madame Bricnot declined all arrangements by way of payment; it was purely philanthropical on her part, and the tars took their leave, full of gratitude, Peterson entrusting ten bright British guineas to madame's care for the use of the lad.

Frequent visits were paid during the stay of the cutter, and neither the second mate nor the boatswain ever went empty-handed; but when Feaghan did not appear, according to their expectations, and O'Rafferty returned to take the command, they were obliged to use more caution, and Peterson deposited the captain's writing-desk and other private property with the lady, so as to be secure from the mate's rapacity. The suddenness of their sailing prevented the removal of Hamilton, or, in fact, any further communication on the subject; but Madame B.

having ascertained that the writing desk contained a considerable sum of money, with securities and papers of value, made no doubt that she should very soon be visited by the right claimant to the child.

Days, weeks passed on, and still madame's expectations were not realized; but, in the meantime, she had become attached to Hamilton, whose playfulness cheated her of many solitary hours, and whose ready attention to her commands gratified her pride. They very soon began to understand each other, for the lad, having no one near him who could speak English, was compelled to catch up the French in self-defence, and what with the widow and her factotum, together with the occasional visitors, Hamilton became a tolerable proficient in the new tongue.

It was shortly after Feaghan's unsuccessful voyage to Bordeaux that madame received letters from Saint Domingo, informing her of the demise of the cruel relative who had deprived

them of their estates, and that he had, as an act of justice for past persecution, left her his sole heiress to wealth and estates far superior to all that she had lost; but that her presence would be required in the island to render her title to the property perfectly clear. At the same time she received instructions to draw, to any reasonable amount, upon a mercantile house which had received extensive remittances on account of the estates.

The widow's equanimity of temper was far more tried by this accession of fortune than it had been by the deprivation of it; she saw at once the great debt of gratitude that was due to her many friends, who for years had cherished and comforted her under misfortunes, and she feared that her returns would not be adequate to express, in a substantial manner, the bounteous feeling of her heart. Whilst poor, she had but little to think of, and still less anxiety; but now she had suddenly become rich (for she had ascertained the correctness of every thing that had been communicated to her), cares and soli-

citude crowded upon her mind, and she could scarcely find interval for those social enjoyments which were so precious to her heart.

Preparations for the voyage were promptly made, and she determined, if no one appeared to reclaim him previously to the period of the ship sailing, Hamilton should accompany her, and as this was literally the case, the youngster was once more tossing on the billows as they flew across the Atlantic ; nor was the time lost, for his kind patroness employed every leisure moment in instructing him in her native language, which eventually became so natural to the child, that he entirely abandoned the English, as incomprehensible to those about him.

A month's run with fine weather brought them to Port au Prince, then partially rising from the ashes of an earthquake, and Madame Brienot immediately repaired to her principal estate, situated in one of the most delightful parts of this fertile island. Every thing had been rendered so clear in the disposal of the pro-

perty, that not the slightest difficulty or opposition occurred to possession; and though Hamilton could not at first reconcile himself to the appearance of the negroes, yet habit soon rendered him accustomed to it, and he became a great favourite amongst them; for, unlike the young creoles, he had not been taught to consider the slaves as mere blocks, on whom they might inflict torture without fear of retaliation. The heat affected him, and every one was ready to fan and keep him cool whilst he slept, whilst Madame Brienot experienced a degree of renovation at being upon her native soil.

One of the first acts of the widow was to send to Europe for a splendid monument, to be erected over the grave of her deceased husband, setting forth his titles and excellent qualities; she then inquired particularly for those who had been his friends, and all received some substantial mark of grateful remembrance. She next inspected the wants of her slaves, and extended every possible indulgence towards them. In point of

fact, few of the West India islands were in a worse state of demoralization than San Domingo. The whites lived in careless voluptuousness, indulging in vice and immorality ; and the negroes, imitating the example of their owners, were bound by no restraint, except the fear of detection, which was sure to bring a heavy punishment, inflicted with remorseless cruelty.

But there was also a third party, distinct from the other two—the free people of colour, who looked upon the slaves with the same unmeasured feelings of contempt and disdain that they themselves (the mulattoes) experienced from the whites. But the slaves were involved in the grossest ignorance, and wretchedly poor, whilst many of the free people of colour were well educated and wealthy. The slaves knew nothing beyond the labour of their own colony, whilst the leaders amongst the mulattoes had visited France and England, where, having plenty of money at command, they were welcomed in polished society, and their children ad-

mitted to the best schools for instruction. Great, indeed, was the change on their return to their island estates. Cut off from all communication with the whites, who viewed them as a debased and degraded caste, they were deprived of all participation in the government of their country, for though they possessed some of the best and most extensive plantations in the colony, they were not considered eligible to the exercise of the franchise, and were excluded from every office, whatever its nature or description.

Nor were females exempt, for even Madame Brienot had the bar of exclusion issued against her from the moment she landed at Port au Prince ; and the lady who had been the delight of civilized associations at Bordeaux, was in San Domingo shut out from all intercourse with the whites, as a being far below their notice, for she had the taint of negro blood in her veins. Still, upon her own domain, she was looked up to by the slaves as a sort of feudal chief, whilst the individuals who were placed in

the same awkward circumstances as herself, placed great reliance on her shrewdness of intellect and the clearness of her judgment.

It could not be supposed that, whilst disorganization was rapidly spreading itself through France, the colonies could be deterred from taking part in the controversies, and even contests of the day. The influences of republicanism were becoming widely diffused on the French division of San Domingo; but whilst many whites continued firm royalists to the very last gasp, the principal portion of the white settlers had imbibed the spirit of the various clubs at Paris, and were arrayed against each other. The mulattoes narrowly watched the proceedings that were going on, and, as people who knew and felt their position, they steadily pursued their own course. They were well aware that neither in numerical strength nor in personal courage they were any way equal to their opponents, and therefore they contented themselves with making demands upon

the government of France, in which they were powerfully aided by a society in Paris, entitled "*Ami des Noirs*;" and though now and then, in the assumption of unrecognized rights, squabbles and even skirmishes took place between the parties, yet nothing of any material importance was done till the revolutionists in the mother country, grown desperate in their undertakings, and determined to annihilate their opponents, called in to their aid that mighty popular torrent which swept away every law, both human and divine, and, in its monstrous convulsion, engulfed humanity and social order in one common ruin, and ultimately destroyed the very men who had first set the impetuous rush in motion.

It was in the early part of Robespierre's popularity that the decree passed which enacted "that the people of colour resident in the French colonies should be allowed the privileges of French citizens, enabling them not only to vote in the choice of representatives, but also that

they should be eligible to seats both in the parochial and colonial assemblies." This was resisted by the whites, who felt indignant that persons who had hitherto been considered as mere national property by the government, and of no repute, should at once be placed upon a level with themselves. The mulattoes, on the other hand, were resolutely bent on obtaining and enjoying the conceded privilege, and, fearing that their own strength was not sufficient to accomplish the purpose, they instigated the slaves to revolt, and thus similar scenes to those witnessed in France threatened the colonists of San Domingo.

At first, the slaves were unwilling to join the mulattoes, for they feared that the change of masters would to them be productive of more injury than benefit; for the free people of colour were far more rigid and severe over their slaves than the whites—and, in fact, this invariably occurred throughout the whole of the West Indies. To incite them to revolt, how-

ever, freedom and plunder were offered, and it was not long before the temptation succeeded. The slaves rose, and devastation, bloodshed, and cruelty marked their progress. Having been kept in a state of barbarism, without any ameliorating feelings to soften the savage ferocity of the brute in their nature, they at once perpetrated crimes of the most horrible description, laying waste the plantations, burning the houses, and murdering the whites, while the females were reserved to suffer the worst of debasement previously to being slain.

Having thus given a brief sketch of events, as connected with the history of the colony, we will again return to young Hammy, whose name had become galicised into Ami; and as no surname had ever been given (for no one in the cutter, not even the child himself, was acquainted with it), his kind patroness gave him her own, and thenceforward he was styled "Ami de Brienot."

Beautifully, as well as healthfully situated on the summit of a lofty eminence, was the residence of the widow, having on the descent, near its base, her rich plantation, “Solitaire.” The building was light and elegant—each of the sides was shaded by a handsome verandha, bordered by flowers and fruits, that crept through the trellesed work, and excluded the scorching rays of the sun, whilst the cool air of heaven found a ready admission. Here the palmetto flourished in all its gigantic grandeur, amid the constant verdure of a tropical climate. The view to the southward commanded a prospect of Jaquemel, with its fertile plain, and an extensive range over the Carribean Sea, mostly sleeping in its intense blue, with here and there a white sail on its glossy surface. To the northward, the eye rested on the town and bay of Port au Prince, with the island of Gonaives to the left, and Leogane, with its extensive and fertile plains, to the right. To the westward,

laid the long and mountainous peninsula, extending to Cape Tiburon; to the eastward, the land was also mountains, raising their lofty heads into the very heavens, whilst intersecting hills and verdant vallies manifested the extreme care and labour of man. The bright blue green of the sugar-cane contrasted prettily with the darker cotton trees and coffee-plants, whilst the brilliant yellow flower and bursting bulbs in its pure whiteness on the former, or the flower and red berry on the latter, gave relief to the whole.

All that luxury, or a sense of comfort and coolness, could devise, was arranged within the dwelling. The houses of the domestic negroes were erected in a situation to be concealed amidst the bright foliage that every where presented itself; the residences of the overseers and field negroes, with all the appurtenances of cookery, hospital, stores, mills, &c. were about one-third up the eminence, and formed a pretty break in the downward scenery.

Here, then, young Hammy was located, and a man of colour, who had been to Europe, and was tolerably capable of undertaking the task, became his instructor: not in the character of a tutor it is true, for the laws of the colony prohibited any but whites undertaking such an office, and no white could be supposed to stoop to the degradation of becoming a teacher in a family of a person of colour. But my reader may naturally conjecture that, as I have said the widow retained evidences of having formerly been a beauty, there could not have been much darkness on her skin. The conjecture is correct; she was remarkably fair; the colour was in the blood, which no removes, however distant from the first, could ever obliterate. Calumny—ever rife to injure reputation—had reported Hamilton to be her son, and this was pretty generally believed, not only amongst the planters but even on her own estates; nor was it much to be wondered at, when the truly maternal care and tenderness she at all times evinced towards him is taken into consideration.

The youngster had an entire establishment to himself: a groom, a head-nurse, servants of both sexes ; and it was no uncommon thing to hear a drawling negro voice exclaim—"Jean, go and peka Saam to tell Jacques to call Quaco to the young massa !—heeree ?"

To perform this, Jean would probably pass Jacques or Quaco in seeking for Sam, but it would have been entirely out of negro routine to intimate one word to them, except through the proper messenger, as desired ; and thus, Quaco, who might have been summoned instantly, was usually half an hour before he made his appearance, with a—"Wharra him young massa want ?"

Quaco was an old negro, who had not only visited several of the other West-India islands, but his early days had been passed as a slave amongst the English in Jamaica ; he had also been some time in England, with his former master, where he might have remained a free man ; but returning to the island, he was again a

slave, though his owner placed so much confidence in him that he made him captain of one of his sloop-built drooghers, which gave him an opportunity of seeing much of the other islands. Unfortunately, his vessel had been wrecked off Cape Tiburun, and he alone escaped to the shore, where he was seized as a runaway slave, kept some time in confinement, and then sold to a Spanish planter to pay the expenses. In the course of time he was purchased by the late proprietor of Solitaire, and ultimately became house-steward at the residence.

Now though Quaco could speak—that is, could mutilate—both Spanish and French, he had chosen, when any thing displeased him, to grumble and to swear in English. Whether there was any thing of an affinitive character between English and grumbling, or whether the full-mouthed utterance of a hearty “d——” gave greater relief to the stomach than a mere “Sacre!” it is hardly necessary here to discuss: Quaco invariably used the French language

in his ordinary duties—sported the Spanish when he wanted to be a grandee, and rapped out unmercifully in English when a disposition prevailed to become a downright black-guard—the more especially as he could have it all his own way : for as no one understood him, so no one could answer him in his angry moods, and the fit of passion was the sooner over.

It happened, shortly after the landing of Madame Brienot, that Quaco was summoned to her presence, and reprimanded for a neglect of duty on the part of some of the younger slaves.

“Madame,” returned he, with an obsequious bow, “la faute n’est pas mienne,” and then muttered to himself, “Em d—— blaack nigger.”

Hamilton caught the broken words, for he was standing close to him, but said nothing. “Well, Quaco,” uttered his mistress, “I shall look to you for the management of these things, and hope there will be no occasion to complain again.”

The negro bowed most politely as he uttered, “Au plaisir, madame,” but there was a grimness of look about his visage that plainly evinced he was far from pleased. He then retired from the room, followed by Hamilton, who overheard him muttering to himself, “Em daam cowcumber-shin rascal!—Mon Dieu! but dey get jolly fum fum for dis!” He then shouted, “Monsieur Jacques! ayez la bonté de veni ici, s’il vous plait!” adding, in a lower key, “Yer daam debbil babby for makee me missee tink me no sabby ebbery ting for you!” Again he shouted, “Monsieur Saam! dépêchez-vous donc—un brave garçon, sans doute!” Once more his voice fell—“cus you black libber for all day long!”

“Monsieur!” exclaimed Jacques, cautiously looking in at the doorway to ascertain the mood of the old man, before he ventured to approach within assailable distance—“Que dites vous, monsieur.”

“Que dites vous, monsieur,” repeated Quaco spitefully, well knowing, from former experi-

ence, that Jacques was too wary to be caught : “ *Que dites vous,*” he reiterated, whilst he advanced upon the young negro as he retreated backwards ; “ *arretez vous la !—yer daam mon-key-face, lib-in-a-bush, white-libber nigger’s nigger !*”

This was quite enough for Jacques ; he was well aware that the storm was rising, and, therefore, to use a nautical phrase, he made a grand “stern-board” towards the flight of steps that led from the verandha to the garden below. At this point Quaco made a sudden spring to catch the youth, previously to his descent, and actually achieved his object at the very moment that Sam had attained the summit in his ascent ; the consequence was, that Jacques, impelled by the additional stimulus of Quaco, stumbled over Sam, and all three went rolling head over heels to the bottom, roaring and hallooing with all their might. The altitude, however, was not very great, so that no injury, beyond a thorough shaking, was sustained by the fall. But Quaco

had now got both culprits in his clutches, and though he could not let go one to thump the other, yet he knocked their heads together with all his force, exclaiming, “Darra for you!—yer daam bajain-born, craab-for-n’yam, suck-’em-goat niggers—eh? Yer nebber mind n’oder time, Monsieur Jacques—no? D’un autre côté, Monsieur Saam. Mettre quelque chose dans votre tete mon ami!—Cus you rogue-heart, for nebber do what genelman tell you!—faire des singeries, eh? Darra den, ye haang-gallows, plaintain-tieving, sopy-drinking coquin—me one daam rascale for you!”

All the time Quaco was very foolishly knocking their pates against each other, with very little effect; for as a negro’s head is the least vulnerable part of his body, the punishment was scarcely felt, and the moment they escaped from his clutches, they testified their sense of it, by changing their loud yells to uncontrollable laughter, as Quaco reascended the steps, down which he had gone so much against his inclina-

tion. The noise, however, brought out Madame Brienot, who warmly inquired, “*qui fait cette grand bruit-la ?*”

“*Les esclaves, Madame !*” returned Quaco, pointing to the two offenders, who could scarcely suppress their mirth, even in the presence of the mistress; “*voyez vous, Madame.—Em daam scorpion for nebber hab respect for old head !*”

“*J’ai toujours vous dit ne frappez pas !*” exclaimed Madame, angrily, and shaking her hand at the steward.

“*Oui, Madame,*” returned the obsequious Quaco; “*mais on ne peut pas subvenir a tout sans chatiment :—cus you for—*” the old man stopped, for Hamilton, who had witnessed the whole, explained it in favour of Quaco, and Madame retreated to her apartment.

“*Mille graces, Monsieur Ami,*” said the old man, addressing Hamilton. “*Plus d’une fois vous avez rendu votre faveur. Je suis roué de fatigue.*”

Hamilton’s ears had tingled with delight at

the sound of his native tongue, however imperfectly spoken. It was the first time he had heard it since he parted with old Tom Graves, and in an instant it revived associations and recollections that had, in a considerable measure, faded away. This it was that made him defend Quaco before the widow, for there was now a link of connection that bound him to the old man ; and when the latter complained of his fatigue, the kind-hearted lad immediately uttered, in English—
“ Shall I get you some sangaree, daddy ?”

“ Eh, Garamercie, wharra dat ?” shrieked the old man, as he started back, and his staring eyes were fixed upon the boy. “ You French pickaninny for missy, peak-a me in buckra tongue.”

“ No, Quaco, I am not French pickaninny, as you call me,” responded Hamilton, somewhat offended ; “ nor is Madame Brienot my parent ;” he then added sorrowfully—“ I never had a mother.”

“ Well, dis baang ebery ting !” uttered the negro with evident delight and satisfaction ;—

“young massa peak-a me in me natib tongue. Eh, Garamercie! —me so glad!” and the old man, notwithstanding he had just been complaining of fatigue, cut a hundred fantastic capers about the ante-room.

From that moment Hamilton and the steward were almost inseparable; and though the only recollections of the former's infantile years led him back to the latter portion of the time he was with Mrs. Jones, yet he remembered the fine tall old gentleman, who used to pat his head and bring him sweatmeats, and the number of elegant carriages and smart ladies who used to visit his nurse. Of his own name he knew nothing, except that by which he had been called, “Hammy,” now changed to “Ami,” the pronunciation being nearly similar. The scenes on board the cutter, together with some of the actors, particularly the dog “Neptune,” were too fresh and too vivid to be easily forgotten, and whilst conversing with old Quaco many reminiscences would cast their sun-light or their

shadow over his mind. Of his sister Ellen he cherished the most distinct idea, nor was Ned Jones oblivious to his memory; but his mind was not sufficiently matured—his days in the world had been too few to allow of his reasoning upon events that had occurred.

Years rolled on—the convulsion commenced that shook all social order to its basis, and ultimately wrested the French portion of the colony from the dominion of France. Madame Brienot, happy in her delightful retirement, had shunned rather than courted society; for though her very nature and disposition were nourished by the milk of human kindness, yet she could not avoid feeling a distaste to the association with mulattoes, whilst her heart swelled with a justifiable resentment at the treatment she had received from the whites. It has been said that there can be no loneliness with a refined education—books—the arts—the sciences, afford the sweetest companionship, and driving away *ennui* and melancholy. Yet what can compensate for that sacred-

communion of kindred spirits—that delightful intercourse of friendly and affectionate hearts, which, maugre the cold cheerlessness of worldly business, shed their enlivening beams upon the path of human life, to lighten it with smiles, and to cherish all the kindly feelings of Christian love and charity. Without doubt, Madame Brienot was happy, for she had mental resources, that the worldling can know nothing of; she was punctual in her religious duties—had a conscience void of offence to God and man; yet her wishes often lingered for her comfortable apartments, however humble, on the quay at Bordeaux, and for the conversation of those many friends who had cherished her in the period of adversity.

Nevertheless, in imparting instruction to Hamilton, she found occupation for many an hour that would probably have otherwise been tedious, whilst the progress and docility of the grateful boy were such as endeared him more powerfully to his patroness. She would have

returned to France, but the distracted state of that country offered no inducement, whilst the tenure of estates in the colony became every day more and more precarious, as the contests between the whites and the coloured people continued. Often were the delightful plains of the Cul de Sac stained with the blood of the rival parties, and the smoke of burning houses wasted itself among the mountains. To quit the colony would nearly amount to a tacit resignation of all her property; and though she had no relation to whom she could bequeath whatever might be disposable at her decease, yet her thoughts reverted to her young *protégé* as her heir, and she deemed it most prudent to remain for the present where she was.

Historical writers have expressed something like wonder at the degree of apathy which existed amongst the slaves, whilst the whites and the mulattoes were contending in deadly strife; but it was not altogether apathy—a change of masters from white to black would be

to them only productive of greater misery and sterner servitude, and the more acute among them clearly foresaw that by keeping aloof they would thereafter be enabled to give weight to either one party or the other, as the price of their freedom ; especially as the British squadron occasionally paraded itself near the island, as if desirous of gaining a footing, on which to plant the imperial flag of England.

Hamilton frequently interrogated old Quaco upon the subject of these quarrels, as the foes met and carried on their destructive warfare in the plains beneath them ; but all he could glean from the steward was a mysterious shake of the head, and “ ’Em daam rogue for cut one anoder troat ; n’em mind massa, when dey gone dead, dere be more room for we.”

Ogé, a native of San Domingo, who had been educated in France a strict disciple of the hateful Robespierre, and for whom the society of *Ami des Noirs* had purchased a lieutenant-colonel’s commission in one of the German

states, to give him a military character, paid the forfeit of his rebellion by being broken on the wheel, after betraying his accomplices, under a promise that mercy should be extended towards him. The man was hurried away to a horrible death, which he met with pusillanimity and cowardice. This breach of faith stirred up the impassioned feelings of the mulattoes to more deadly hatred and revenge; for though they had been partially defeated, yet they collected again in a formidable body.

It was shortly after this, that the slaves in the north, encouraged by the mulattoes with the promise of freedom, suddenly burst into open revolt. The horrible details of rapine, devastation, and bloodshed which marked their progress, would shock humanity to peruse. Efforts were used to stay the revolt: but the whites were defeated, and the victorious rebels, after losing thousands of their brethren, mustered in the plains of the Cul de Sac, with the intention of making an attack on Port au Prince.

The slaves in the neighbourhood would not at first join the revoltors, at least to any considerable extent; nor was there more than six or seven hundred of the worst characters, that ever united themselves to the marauders. Only a very few abandoned their mistress at the Solitaire, and she hoped to escape from the mischief that had so universally overwhelmed many of her neighbours. Quaco, however, shook his head, and declared, “ Neber go for trust ’em blaack nigger rascal.”

The steward’s general knowledge, as well as being able to read and write, would have rendered him a valuable acquisition to the rebels, who vainly endeavoured to get him amongst them as one of their leaders; but, besides not being over-fond of fighting, he put no reliance on their promises, and refused to trust them: at the same time he used his strenuous exertions to persuade his brethren on the estate to keep neuter and attend to their duties.

The principal portion of the force in the Cul

de Sac was composed of mulattoes, who, finding that the negroes did not join them, contemplated revenge. Several of the neighbouring planters, whose estates had been devastated, had not time to reach Port au Prince, and knew not where to fly with their families. Some of these found shelter with Madame Brienot, and many who had studiously avoided all intercourse with the widow, on account of her creole blood, were now glad to solicit food to appease the cravings of hunger. But the generous woman forgot her insults in their distress, and not only supplied their wants, but admitted them into her house.

The steward had foreseen the consequences of this humanity, and procured arms to defend the place, should it be attacked, whilst sentinels were nightly posted to give notice of the approach of an enemy. Hamilton was now in his thirteenth year, a bold, resolute lad, whom Quaco consulted on all occasions, and then followed his own plans in such a way as made it appear that they emanated from the boy.

“ I do not think they will attack us,” said Hamilton, one evening, to a fine little girl about his own age, the daughter of one of the planters ; “ but if they do, Eulalie—I’ll defend you to the last.”

“ *Pauvre petit*,” returned the spoiled child, “ and what can you do against such monsters ? they will eat you alive.”

“ *Neber, missy*,” responded the steward ; “ him hab big heart and old head—no for suck a guava-jelly spoil him teet ; he bite hard for true.”

“ You are always speaking up for *Monsieur Ami*,” exclaimed the girl ; “ but you are all niggers alike, and there’s no believing you.”

“ *Em no nigger dere for my young massa, missy*,” returned Quaco, angrily ; “ him skin more fair dan yourn—no possible for tell who you daddy in dis country ; my young massa for me born in England.”

“ I won’t believe it, Quaco,” screamed the girl, “ you tell me lies ; and if you was at Santa Martha, my pa should give you the whip !”

“He neber hab noder whip a’ Santa Martha, missy,” drily responded the steward, “he whip too much—” but checking himself from the asperity with which he had spoken, he added—
“Nem mind, me massa English for all dat.”

“Are you English, now, Ami?” asked the girl, petulantly, “or do you only say so because you don’t want to obey me?”

“I am English—born in England—at least, I think so,” returned Hamilton; “but I will do any thing you wish or request me to do.”

“Then you are not a thorough true white,” answered the girl, “or you would only do what you pleased.”

“And I shall do what pleases me, when I serve you, Eulalie,” uttered the boy, with feelings of honest pride.

“Dere, missy, wharra you tink now?” inquired Quaco, as his dim eyes were lighted up with unusual gratification. “Darra English all ober—darra country for me, neber lib like crab in a bush, or like raat in a cane patch. Ebery ting someting good in England; and dere nig-

ger be born de genelman, in a white craavat and top boot !”

“ You only say these things to vex me,” persevered the girl ; and then calling to her brother, she said “ Come here, Henri ; now isn’t *Ami a mulatto ?*”

“ Certainly he is,” responded the brother, a youth of fourteen, pale and emaciated through over-indulgence ; “ certainly he is ; I wonder he presumes to sit down in the presence of a white lady.”

“ I would stand with pleasure, to gratify Miss Eulalie,” said Hamilton, “ not because she is a *white* lady, but because she is a female, and we are bound to love and defend them.”

The youth curled his nose and lip with contempt, as he uttered, “ A pretty lover and defender truly—go, sir, fetch me my hat, and consider yourself honoured by waiting on me.”

Hamilton hesitated, as his pride revolted against the command, and he was about to give a peremptory refusal ; but better feelings came

over him, and he was going to fetch the hat, when Quaco shouted, in English, "Tan lily bit, massa, me go for him cocoa-nut case;" and the disdainful black soon re-appeared with the hat, which he presented to the youth.

"That's right, old baboon visage," exclaimed Henri, as he maliciously kicked the steward's shins. "Go! get one plaster."

The rage of Quaco was vented in words, but not so with Hamilton—he grasped the youth by the collar, and shook him vehemently, whilst both he and his sister seemed paralysed by terror. "You are a guest under the roof of my benefactress," exclaimed the excited lad, "or I would teach you what it is to feel pain yourself, by inflicting proper punishment. Henceforward I look upon you as a poltroon and a coward."

"Eh! my Garamercie, massa," said Quaco; "he no wonder for nigger 'volt and turn a evolution spose get such usage."

"What is this noise, Henri," exclaimed a lady, entering the room in affright; "you

should remember you are not at Santa Martha."

"We know it and feel it, mawma," drawled Eulalie, as she ran crying to her mother. "Henri did but just touch the old nigger, and Ami wanted to beat him for it."

The lady's face reddened with anger as she exclaimed, "The cruel brutes—oh! my dear children, when shall we be in safety?"

"Now touch me, if you dare," shouted Henri, with vindictive spite, as he aimed another kick at the steward; but Hamilton was too quick for him, and darting forward, he caught him by the heel, and sent him sprawling on his back.

No thirsty tiger let loose upon its prey could pounce with greater fury than the lady did upon poor Hamilton; but the exertion overpowered her animal spirits, and she fell upon the floor in strong hysterics. Eulalie and her brother indulged themselves in shrieking "Murder!" but offered no assistance whatever to their fallen mother, nor did they indeed know what to do,

as they had never been accustomed to think or to act for themselves ; but Hamilton unhesitatingly stooped down and rendered what aid he could, whilst Quaco ran to the sideboard for a goblet of water, but by mistake snatched up a decanter of port wine, which he emptied over her face.

The screaming brought the lady's husband, who, not having recovered from the horrible spectacles he had witnessed, was still under the influence of alarm, and when he saw his wife prostrate, and her dress apparently saturated with blood, and a negro kneeling over her—his mind was instantly filled with terrific images : darting forward, he caught old Quaco by the neck and threw him backward, whilst the children came clinging round their father's knees, still vociferating " Murder ! murder ! "

" She is in a fit," said Hamilton, as he rose up. " I will hasten to Madame Brienot, and summon the servants." This he immediately performed, at the same time relating to the widow

every incident that had occurred. The lady was at length restored, and conveyed to her bed, where the children cowered near her; and the husband sought, in vain, to induce the kind hostess to inflict punishment on Hamilton or Quaco, who, when by themselves, laughed heartily over the adventure, though the waste of the wine went sadly against the steward's conscience.

Evening was closing in, when the youth, accompanied by Quaco, rode round the grounds, to see that the sentries were properly posted, as there had visibly been some stir amongst the negroes in the plain during the afternoon. He spoke kindly and encouragingly to the slaves, exhorted them to resistance, should any attack take place, and received assurances that they would act faithfully and boldly to the last. Nor was it long before they gave positive proofs of their sincerity; for scarcely had the youngster sat down to make his report to Madame, when a discharge of musketry, in the cotton grounds, gave intimation of the approach of the enemy,

who had eluded the vigilance of those upon the watch—or, what is more probable, had contrived to steal up during the day, and conceal themselves amongst the trees. The negro at the gates had detected them and fired, and drew upon himself a volley in return.

All was now terror and dismay amongst the inmates of the house, who huddled together in the hall in a state of distraction. Madame Brienot was cool and collected, as she vainly strove to appease the minds of her guests, and urged the men to resistance, whilst Hamilton collected all kinds of offensive weapons to place in their hands. To Henri he offered one of his own pistols: but the terrified youth shrunk back and clung round the neck of his “mawma,” who shuddered and recoiled at the idea of her darling handling so dangerous a warlike instrument.

“Em daam for Jacksonapes coward, Monsieur Ami,” said Quaco, in English; “Garamercie me massa no tan for darra piccaninny babby—

nigger sal hab him bum-by for make pepper pot."

The assailants approached nigher to the dwelling, when the domestic slaves, each armed with his musket, and having the whites amongst them, took post in the bush, that screened their huts from being seen from the residence—but as the results were of a meritorious character, they are certainly deserving of a fresh chapter.

CHAPTER VI.

“ Fire in de mountain !—run, boy, run !”

THE residence of the “ Solitaire ” has already been described as situated at the summit of an eminence, commanding a very extensive panorama of the surrounding country. An artificial mound had been raised about the basement, so as to form a terrace on each side, tastefully ornamented with beautiful tropical flowers, as well as with the most delicate of the productions of Europe, which here found a genial temperature. Roses bloomed in rich perfection by the side of the magnolia ; and the parterre, when seen at a short distance, resembled the multitudinous dyes of the rainbow.

The ascent to the terrace, back and front, was by a flight of twelve stone steps, with vases and statues of marble at their extreme ends, round which the creeping plants entwined themselves, and hung their variegated flowers, as natural ornaments to the works of art. The negroes did not much like the figures; there was too close a resemblance to the human form for the stony inertness of those corpse-like limbs to satisfy their minds, and few could be found with sufficient hardihood to pass them after night had spread its gloom over creation—for then they stood out with their whiteness in bold relief from the dark back-ground, and the leaves and flowers that encircled them made a whispering, fluttering noise, as they waved to and fro in the breeze.

For several days previously to the expected attack, Hamilton and Quaco had been particularly busy digging a trench at the bottom of the steps in front; and in this, after nightfall, they placed several iron pots, well charged with

gunpowder, rammed in as tight as possible, with a short fusee to each. Combustibles were thickly strewn to fill up, and an excellent train laid—the whole of the trench being again covered over with broken bottles, pieces of iron hoop, and such like missiles, well stamped and rolled down, to give greater force to an explosion. Holes were also bored in the steps to some depth, and communications made with the chambers, which were loaded with two or three bullets each.

When the reports of the fire-arms announced the attack upon the dwelling, Hamilton and the steward carefully inspected and renewed the trains; and they also arranged the marble figures along the top of the steps, each having a blue light affixed, so as to appear holding it in the hand. Gunpowder and light combustibles were thickly strewed beneath, so as to ignite the lights as soon as the blaze ascended.

“Garamercie me, massa,” said Quaco, giving a last look at his preparations, “dem black

nigger tink Jumbee sal hab ebery one when he see 'em debbil for true."

"They are close at hand, Quaco," said Hamilton, taking up his small rifle. "Away—away, old man; get into the bush, and don't let a shot be fired till you see the effects of our scheme. You shall have a good light, Quaco, presently."

"An me massa tan here for daam blaack rascal to kill?" uttered Quaco, imploringly.

"No, no, old man; I shall lie down behind this pedestal," returned Hamilton; "see, I have extended the train to it."

"Piddlestal, massa!" said Quaco, as he looked at the spot where the youth was crouching. "Em piddlestal no keep you from de fire in de bush."

And this was true—for Hamilton, in his eager desire to repel the foe, had forgotten that he would be exposed to the fire of his friends, though partially screened from that of the advancing enemy. "You are right, Quaco,"

responded he ; “ but still something must be done. If I leave this, the train cannot be fired, and all our plans will be frustrated. They are close here ; I can hear them tread. Run, old man ; point out my situation to your party, and do not let a musket be presented till you see me retreating into the house. Do you understand ?”

“ Eees me, massa,” returned the steward, still lingering between affection for the youth and fear of meeting the revolvers ; “ me do your orders good dis time.” A shot whistled past him. “ Garamercie ! dem nigger in a bush fire, spose me no dere ;”—and he ran to the party that laid concealed.

The insurgent leaders were surprised when they met with no opposition, and began to imagine that the house was deserted, the inhabitants having escaped down the other side of the hill. Gateaud, the negro chief, found it difficult to repress his men from at once rushing forward, and commencing the work of plunder

and devastation—for he himself suspected an ambush, and could not believe that a house so famed as it was for having many massive services of plate, should at once be abandoned without any shew of resistance. But the rebels were too little acquainted with military discipline to pay much attention to command, or to suppose that they would be permitted to advance thus quietly if there was any party strong enough to oppose them. Not a light was to be seen in the house, for Madame Brienot and the females had quitted it by the back entrance; and about twenty negroes were distributed amongst the rooms in front, with orders not to fire till they were commanded to do so.

Not a sound was heard, but an occasional shout, or a shot, from the negroes who defended the cotton plantation below, and the noise made by the assailants in their advance. Already several of them had emerged from among the trees, and offered a fair mark for the musket, had there been light enough to shew more than

their mere position ; but still every thing continued perfectly quiet about the house. The main body was now exposed and without shelter ; but their dark skins, mingled with the shades of the shrubbery in the back-ground, prevented them from being discerned by the slaves in the bush. Hamilton, however, could clearly distinguish the whole ; and his young heart beat tumultuously as he saw them cautiously advance, and pour a volley into the house—the balls whistling fearfully on each side and above him, some of them ringing against the pedestal of the statue behind which he laid concealed. A flush of feverish excitement burned upon his cheeks ; his small hands trembled, as he anxiously waited for the moment to fire the train ; and a sickening sensation crept upon his heart, as the thought of failure crossed his mind.

But very little time was allowed him to continue thus. The volley of the assailants had not been answered—all remained in tranquil silence, till the insurgents, fully satisfied that the place

was undefended, rushed for the steps. The appearance of the marble figures deterred them for the moment from ascending—for they were distinctly visible, standing, in spectre-like attitude, to oppose their way; and negro superstition gave them a character of supernatural horror. The rebels came huddling thickly together over the mine. Hamilton saw the period for action had arrived. In an instant, little streams of hissing fire were seen running in various directions, to the great terror of the insurgents. The combustibles beneath the figures ignited and blazed up, setting fire to the blue lights, that cast a spectral hue upon the statues, and threw a strong illumination on every object that surrounded them.

A wild cry of fright arose from the assailants—the very steps dealt out death amongst them—when suddenly a loud explosion was heard, and mangled bodies and shattered limbs were tossed into the air, whilst a destructive fire came streaming from every window of

the house, and every bush and tree in its neighbourhood. As in most such cases, those who were in the rear, not knowing what was going on in front, pressed forward to ascertain, and thus became exposed to their opponents, till the heaps of dead and dying kept constantly accumulating.

Gateaud, dressed in a blue uniform, richly embroidered, with a scarlet sash wound round his waist, rushed up the steps and caught sight of the retreating Hamilton, at whom he presented his rifle and fired. The boy fell, and the giant, waving his monstrous cocked hat, cheered on his men to the attack, and boldly led the way without looking behind him. Hamilton was striving to crawl away, when the rebel chief approached, with his rifle clubbed, to finish by a blow what the shot had left incomplete. The youth raised himself upon one knee, but fell again; yet still he grasped his piece firmly in his hand, and, just as the butt of his enemy was swinging forward to descend upon his head, the

ball from Hamilton's rifle passed through Gateaud's skull ; the instrument of death flew like a meteor from his grasp, and the herculean body of the chief was propelled with heavy violence on the wounded lad. No one had dared to follow their leader ; the negroes hastily retreated down the mountains, pursued by the slaves of the plantation. The victory was complete.

" My Garamercie, who for dis here !" exclaimed Quaco, as he beheld the prostrate chief lying upon his face, and almost covering the nearly insensible youth. " Massa ossifer, no ?—he go for dead, too !" and the steward shuddered at the idea of being so near a corpse.

" Quaco," murmured Hamilton, hoarsely, but faintly, as he recognized the presence of his black friend.

" Eh !—hark 'em dere—de dead man peak-a me !" uttered the trembling steward, as he started back ; " he sabby me name, too ; oh, Garamercie ! what sal me do ?"

“Enlevez-moi, mon ami,” said Hamilton, in the same huskiness of tone, and unable to move.

“He tella me for lift him up !” exclaimed Quaco, in great alarm. “Wharra for him dead ossifer do here peak-a me ? Here, Monsieur Saam, Monsieur Jacques ! where dem daam ace-o'-club-nose nigger gone ?”

“Oh, mon Dieu—mon Dieu !” uttered Hamilton, whose ideas had become bewildered from the pain of his wound and the stunning blow he had received in the giant's fall. “Quaco, donnez-moi à boire.”

“Well, him debbil dere for true !” ejaculated the steward, making up his mind to run away ; “de dead man want for drink ; me daddy, wharra dis ?”

“Where am I, Quaco ?” said Hamilton, in English, and more in his own tone of voice ; “I have been asleep, I think. What is this on the top of me ?”

“Haang de debbil !” exclaimed Quaco, more terrified than ever ; “dis beat ebery ting.

Here boy ! missy for me ! Saam ! Nanchy ! Pluto ! Jacques ! Wenus ! Amaranthe !—where you all got ?” and again he shouted over the names at the top of his voice, as he verily believed he was beset by infernal spirits.

“ What ails you, old man ?” said Hamilton ; “ I remember every thing now. Take this rebel rascal off me,” and he struggled into view so as to be seen by the steward.

“ Me Garamercie ! me young massa !” exclaimed the negro, dimly comprehending how the case stood ; “ me look ebery where somewhere for you all dis time. How de debbil you get dere, eh ? Here, Saam, Jacques—where ’em nigger gone ?”

“ Never mind where they are, Quaco,” said Hamilton, impatiently ; “ roll this body off me—I am almost suffocated with his weight.”

“ Him French ossifer, Monsieur Ami,” returned the steward, as he drew back with repugnance from the corpse ; “ he dead man !”

“ Dead or alive,” said Hamilton, vexed at

the conduct of the man, "you are an old fool not to release me from the incumbrance. Do it at once, or I will never speak to you again!"

Thus urged, Quaco tried with his foot to turn the huge body over, but without avail; and, at last, half maddened and driven to extremity by Hamilton's revilings, he stooped down, and, with his utmost strength, turned the corpse face upwards. "Em daam nigger, for true, massa!" exclaimed the steward, contemptuously, as the colour of the skin was exposed to view; "how he come here?"

"I killed him," said Hamilton, quietly; "and he fell on the top of me as I laid wounded in the leg. I fear, Quaco, it is broke."

"Em broke!" shrieked the steward; "massa leg broke?—dat nigger for break him?" and he gave the senseless body a kick; "nem mind, he dead now—leg for massa get well again."

"Now lift me in your arms, Quaco, and carry me to my room," said Hamilton, who was suffering much pain. The negro complied, and, as

the youth looked down upon his fallen enemy he added, "Yes, old man, he is dead enough—it is the chief Gateaud!"

"Gateaud!" exclaimed the steward, nearly dropping his burthen at that dreaded name, which had excited universal terror by the number of horrible atrocities its owner had perpetrated; "Gateaud!" repeated he; "dépêchez, donc—p'rhaps him no for dead now!" and he hastened off to the house.

Stretched upon his comfortable bed, Hamilton was more at his ease, and Madame Brienot, exulting at the defeat of the enemy, attended him with truly maternal kindness. From the moment of the widow's return, after the retreat of the assailants, her first inquiry had been for the youth, and she had directed every search to be made for him; but, as he could not be found, it was supposed he had gone after the run-away foe. Quaco's discovery had, however, relieved her mind in one sense, though the wounded state of the lad greatly alarmed her fears.

The return of the party, who had pursued the fugitives, showed that but few of them were injured, whilst the number of slain amongst the insurgents was very great, and there could not be a doubt but they would be still more disheartened when they heard of the fate of their brave and daring chief, whose life they believed had hitherto been preserved by a charm.

Welcome was the intelligence to Madame Brienot of the intrepidity and courage which young Hamilton displayed. The sword of the fallen chief, a superb, richly-mounted sabre, with all his appointments, were brought to the youth, and placed at his disposal; and the numerous guests, who occupied the building, all united in his praise.

But the brave lad laid on his bed, suffering great pain; the ball had broken the small bone of his leg completely in two, and passed out at the opposite side to its entrance. Surgery was but little cultivated in that district, but the bone was set by the individual who doctored the

negroes, aided by Quaco, who had some experience in such matters—the inflammation subsided, and he was doing very well.

The repulse given to the rebels, together with the death of Gateaud, led to amicable arrangements between the whites and the people of colour. Peace was, for a time, restored; but wherever the eye turned nothing was to be seen but plantations laid waste, buildings in ashes, and hundreds reduced to misery and want. The French commissioners, Santhonax, Polverel, and others, arrived, and it was not long before the smouldering flame again burst forth, and hostilities were renewed—the commissioners secretly tampering with the negroes to demand their freedom. Nor was this climax tardy in its approach—the slaves were declared free, and they embraced the boon to the most unlimited extent of nature in its wildest state. The *Code Noir* had indeed been framed for their future government; but the negro idea of freedom amounted to self-will, unfettered by any restraint whatever. They knew nothing of codes—they

had suffered persecution, and were determined to retaliate upon those who had inflicted punishment. Every white man that did not escape was murdered—the females were reserved for a less enviable doom before the seal of death was impressed upon their fate.

At the outset the slaves on Solitaire adhered most faithfully to their mistress; but the force of example, coupled with the declaration of entire freedom, soon made them neglect their work, and a life of wild and lawless plunder offered too strong an inducement to abandon the estate. Party by party they quitted the delightful spot, a few only remaining to cultivate the plantain and fruit grounds for their own subsistence, and to pass the residue of their time in voluptuousness and indolence. Of the domestic slaves at the residence of Madame Brienot, only Quaco and another or two remained—the whole of the women left her, nor did they go empty-handed, for each, without restraint, took what she pleased.

Thus situated, Madame Brienot found it

absolutely necessary to quit the habitation that she loved, and remove, with the residue of her property, into Port au Prince, where she already possessed several good houses, and her servants accompanied her as to a place of refuge. The distinction between the whites and the coloured people was rapidly breaking away, though they still looked upon each other with eyes of jealousy and hatred. But now it was no uncommon thing to see a negro (who not long before had been a slave) dressed in splendid uniform, and well mounted, riding through the town—his perfumed white cambric handkerchief stuck in the breast of his coat, a handsome plume of real ostrich feathers flowing in profusion from his cocked hat, and a superb sabre, with a sheath encased in crimson velvet, hanging by his side, whilst he applied his whip to the shoulders of many a former fellow-labourer to clear them out of his way.

Oh, tyranny! whatever colour thou may'st assume, still thou art predominant in the

human breast; and the being who may suffer from the operations of thy influence to-day, will exercise thy unholy sway to-morrow, should power afford him the opportunity. Sterne's negro had suffered persecution, and learned mercy. Doubtless, the picture is pretty, and a gem—pretty, because, it paints from imagination rather than reality—a gem, for it is unique. I am getting an old man now, and, through many years of arduous service, I have almost invariably found that the most severe commanders are those who came in at the hawse-holes—or, in other words, were raised from before the mast; and the greatest cruelties on board a slave-ship have been practised by those negroes who have been placed as overlookers of the rest.

But to proceed with my tale. Hamilton, through several weeks of confinement, remained stationary on his bed; and though he endured great pain and stiffness, through the unchangeableness of his position, yet, in the end, he

reaped his reward, for the fractured limb united, and became firm, and in three months he was able to walk about with the aid of crutches, which, after two months more, were thrown aside, and in another he moved along as firm as ever. His prowess at the Solitaire had been talked of, and applauded by the colonists, but remained unnoticed by the commissioners, who viewed the widow and all belonging to her with a jealous eye, which at length determined her to embark for France, whither she had already remitted ample funds to enable her to pass the residue of her days in affluence.

Thus determined, she lost no time in putting her scheme into execution, and obtaining a passage in a vessel that was about to sail; her plate and valuables were sent aboard,—to be immediately landed again, and consigned to the coffers of the commissioners. Hamilton and Quaco embarked, and the widow was on the point of following, when she was suddenly

arrested, and subsequently made prisoner in her own house, whilst the vessel purchased her anchors, and was soon under a cloud of canvas, rounding Cape Nicholas Mole, and pushing between San Domingo and Cuba.

The suddenness of their departure aroused the angry feelings of Hamilton; but, he was powerless to act, and, to do the captain every justice, he warmly commiserated his situation, and assured him that he had been compelled to put instantly to sea, under the penalty of being sunk by the batteries in case of refusal. Quaco was inconsolable; for though he would have devoted any thing but his life to the service of Hamilton, yet he was strongly attached to his mistress, and he feared something fatal had happened to her, for the real facts of the case were unknown to all. Nor was the captain a dishonest man, as he, without hesitation, placed whatever of Madame Brienot's had been saved from the grasp of the commissioners entirely at the disposal of

Hamilton, who he believed to be the widow's son, and he also refunded part of the passage money that had been paid to him for the lady's cabin.

The breeze was fresh as they made the windward passage, and Hamilton watched, with an almost broken heart, the fading island as it sunk lower and lower beneath the curve of the horizon, till at sunset only a blue outline was visible, which soon disappeared in the gloom of evening. But he still continued on the deck, gazing towards the quarter where he had last seen it, and when darkness covered the face of the sky and ocean, his oppressed and surcharged heart found relief in tears.

The night grew misty, and 'Le Bon Mari' (the name of the brig) hugged the wind, to make the island of Inague, under the hope of having daylight the following morning, to run out amongst the numerous rocks and small islands into the open ocean. She was none of the best

of sailers when close-hauled, and as the wind was light she made but little way. The easternmost point of Cuba was dimly visible, and all seemed snug and safe; when, suddenly, a bright flash, followed by the booming report of a gun, indicated the presence of a vessel on the weather bow; yet nothing could be seen to confirm such an idea—no sail lifted itself above the horizon, nor was there the slightest appearance of a craft of any description.

“It was a clap of thunder,” said the French captain, raising himself from the painful position in which he had been earnestly straining his eyes; “we shall have a tempest!”

“’Em no tunder, massa,” argued Quaco, who had stood with his arms folded, and looking anxiously at Hamilton.

“Not thunder, Mr. Ivory?” retorted the captain, as if offended with the liberty the negro had taken; “but I say it was thunder; and there’s a storm brewing to windward—what should you know about thunder?”

“Noting, massa,” responded the African, with a deep affectation of humility; “me poor nigger, neber know noting,” and he shrugged his shoulders.

“What do you think it is, Quaco?” said Hamilton, in English, as the captain walked forward to give directions to his mate, to make preparations for resisting the expected gale.

“What me tink, Monsieur Ami?” responded Quaco, “p’rhaps, like massa captain, you b’lieve me sabby noting.”

“This is no time for nonsense, old man,” remonstrated the youth; “I know you judge from experience; was it thunder, or not?”

“Eh me massa, wharra for you angry? em no tunder, den,” answered the negro, pettishly; “we leab em daam nigger on a hiland where massa kill him blaack rascal, for jomp out o’ de fire into de fry-pan, no!”

“You talk in riddles, Quaco,” said Hamilton, as he rose impatiently, and took a turn or two on the quarter-deck; “if you don’t choose to tell me, let it alone.”

“And what do you make of it now?” said the captain, again coming aft, and addressing the negro, “was it thunder, or not?”

Hamilton stopped in his walk to listen to the African’s reply; and was both surprised and vexed when he heard him say, “Yes, massa, me tink him tunder, ’spose massa pleases.”

“Ay, I knew that well enough,” said the captain, in a more good-humoured tone; “to be sure it was thunder, though it sounded very much like the report of a gun.”

“Bery much like a gun, massa,” assented the negro, with a sort of low chuckling laugh that reached Hamilton’s ears, though it passed unobserved by the busy bustling captain, who was carefully scanning the aspect of the heavens.

“You are practising deception, Quaco,” whispered Hamilton, angrily; “why do you not give him your honest opinion at once?”

“’Tan littly bit saftly, massa,” returned the negro, in the same low tone; “he like Jew, neber believe ’spose he no see em!”

“We have generally such intimations,” said

the captain—"they give us warning; and the oppressive heat of the atmosphere also tells me we shall have a hurricane."

"Dere him come den, massa!" exclaimed Quaco, with startling vehemence, as he pointed broad away upon the weather bow, where two raking masts, with all their gossamer webs, were traced against the sky, but not a stitch of canvass could be seen.

"Mon Dieu! mon Dieu!" ejaculated the captain, as he clenched his hands together—"it is a pirate!" and, springing to the tiller, he jammed it hard up.

The bows of the Bon Mari fell gracefully off from the wind, and as she felt more and more its propelling power filling her sails, so was her speed accelerated, till the foam threw up its brilliant gems beneath her forefoot, and left a sparkling track of light in her wake.

"Dere more tunder, massa!" said Quaco, as a sudden flash illumined the horizon on the brig's quarter, and the booming of a

heavy gun was heard, though where the shot went was not so easily ascertained.

“ Silence ! you coast o’Guinea devil,” responded the captain, with anger and vexation at being overreached. “ Don’t stand there, but go and lend the people a hand to make sail.”

“ Em sailor know best for dat, massa, “ said Quaco, quietly ; “ but ’spose massa like me take de tiller.”

“ What ! can you steer ? ” inquired the captain, doubtingly ; and then turning to Hamilton, he asked him, “ Is that the fact, young gentleman—does your servant understand the helm ? Remember, we are now running for our lives.”

“ I believe he can steer,” answered the youth ; “ he tells me he has been several years trading amongst the islands.”

“ I will trust him, then,” said the captain, mournfully ; “ every hand is of great importance to us in this crisis, and, if you will condescend to pull a rope with us ”—

“I am ready to do any thing you wish,” assented the youth; “only instruct my ignorance, and you will find me active and willing.”

“For the present, stand by the binnacle,” returned the affrighted man, “and see that your servant keeps her head undeviatingly to that point of the compass,” (directing his attention to it;) “whilst I go forud, and get the studn’sels on her.” He looked out abaft — “Sacre! there flutters the schooner’s topsel in the wind, and now it is as stiff as a board — she is making sail, and, I fear, we have not the shadow of a chance to escape.”

Quaco quietly stationed himself at the tiller, as the captain ran forward to encourage his people; and Hamilton placed himself as directed, his eye alternately directed to the compass in the binnacle and the stranger that was in hot pursuit.

“Em picaroon, for true, me massa,” said the African, attending most rigidly to his steer-

ing, so that the card scarcely vibrated on either side of lubber's point. "As for run away, neber see de day, him come along bum-by like horse—and dere go 'em tunder again."

A bright flash was followed by a peculiar whistling sound, that passed close to Hamilton and the negro; and then a loud report succeeded. Quaco bobbed down his head, as a tortoise draws his snout under his shell, and for the first time the brig gave a slight yaw. "You are not keeping your course, Quaco," said Hamilton, angrily; "either resign the helm, or pay more attention."

"Ees, massa," answered the negro, trembling with fright, "but you no hear de hurricane peak dere;" and he tried to laugh. "Em pocr nigger sabby noting."

It was pretty evident that the vessel in chase was making sail, and, unless a cruiser or some miracle intervened, it was equally certain that the brig must fall into their hands; nevertheless, the captain and the crew bestirred them-

selves most diligently, and every bit of cloth that would catch a breath of wind was packed upon her.

“I can do no more,” said the captain, taking the tiller from the negro’s hand ; “I have done my best ; yet, mon Dieu ! mon Dieu ! we shall all have our throats cut.”

Hamilton leaned over the taffrail, and watched the approaching schooner. “Is it not strange, Quaco, that he does not fire again ?” inquired he.

“He no want, for man-o’-war buckra hear him peak, massa,” responded the black ; “an he sabby bery well, he come along softly, softly, for catchee we ; Garamercie, but em Cuba pirate hab sharp knife and no conscience.”

“What had we best do, Quaco ?” said the youth. “I suppose resistance would be useless, there are, doubtless, so many of them.”

“Bery true, massa, and we no hab de iron pot here for blow ’em up,” answered Quaco, assuming an indifference he was very far from

feeling. "Eh, how dem nigger jump darra time."

"I do not wish to recall the remembrance of that horrible evening," said Hamilton, shuddering; "they brought it upon themselves; whilst these fellows will massacre us in cool blood because we are defenceless."

"Here, massa," whispered the steward, drawing something mysteriously from beneath his waistcoat, "here piccanninny gun for you," and he put into the hands of the youth a brace of pistols, presented to him by Madame Brienot.

"I fear these will be useless, Quaco," said Hamilton, shaking his head mournfully, "though I would not wish to die unresistingly, like a coward."

"Ebery ting ob use some time or oder," returned the negro. "'Spose, massa, no shoot em black dog, p'rhaps he shoot em blue monkey—no?—Ah, dis hard times for we."

"I wish I had my rifle handy, Quaco," said the youth, as recollections forced themselves

upon his mind. "Fetch it on deck, old man, and we'll divide the pistols between us."

The steward went below, and soon returned with the weapon, which was carefully deposited inside of an empty hen-coop.

"What are you doing forud?" shouted the captain, as he observed the men very busily employed about some unusual labour between the two masts.

"They're going to get the long-boat out," answered the mate, coming aft to his superior; "they're bent upon it, and Hermann is at their head."

"That must never be," exclaimed the captain eagerly, as a sickening fear ran cold to his heart; "the vessel must not, shall not, be abandoned. Here, coast o' Guinea," addressing Quaco, "take the helm, and steer her steady—hear'ee."

"Ees, massa, me hear em," said the negro, taking hold of the tiller, which the captain resigned; "you see me tick a jib-boom in a muskeeta eye," and he tried to laugh.

“How, men! what is all this?” said the captain, as he went forward; “you shipped for the voyage; will you desert your craft because there may be danger in sight?”

The seamen remained passive for a few minutes, till Hermann, the boatswain, a tall, robust, gigantic Swede, answered—“Why, look you, sir, we shipped in *Le Bon Mari* to navigate her to Bordeaux, all well and good, and we are ready to do our duty against wind and weather, sea risks, and fair-dealing enemies; but to stop here, with the certainty of being tortured first and have our throats cut afterwards, is no part of the ship’s articles.”

“What then do you mean to do?” inquired the captain. “I’m still master here, and must and will be obeyed.”

“It’s of no manner of use trying to top the officer,” returned Hermann, with determination. “We have consulted together, because it should not be said by the insurers that you had any hand in it—and we mean to hoist the boat out,

shove off, and let the schooner pass us—then we can up stick, and run for it.”

“Bery like a whale in a fisherman trawl,” muttered Quaco to his young master, as every word that was uttered could be distinctly heard.

“It will never do,” said the captain, despondingly; “besides, the act would be premature—we are not yet certain of the character of the vessel in chase—she may be a cruiser.”

“You know better, captain,” returned the boatswain, as he laid hold of the tackle and hooked it on to the boat abaft. “No British or French cruiser would be lying under bare poles in the open ocean. Look at the cut of her top-sel and the rake of her mast—the ring of the shot came from a long brass gun.”

“Perhaps a Spanish *guarda costa*,” urged the captain, persuasively, though he felt in his own mind the fallacy of his argument. “It is most likely a *guarda costa*—they are constantly practising such tricks.”

“We have not time to dispute, sir,” said the

boatswain, firmly. "I shall take it upon my own head—if she is a friend, we can come back again in safety; but if she is what you and I assuredly believe her to be, it will be of no use to shove off when she's alongside—sway away upon the staytackles, men."

"This is mutiny," shouted the captain, in a voice of desperation. "Boy, bring me my pistols—I will shoot the first man who disobeys. This is rank mutiny."

"Now me, massa, take care o' piccaninny gun," whispered Quaco to Hamilton, "tan littly minute you see em bum-by."

"It is not mutiny, captain," responded Hermann, firmly but respectfully—"it is not mutiny, but self-preservation—we are willing to encounter any thing but rascally pirates, who will shew us no mercy for not bringing-to. If the brig was beating to pieces on the rocks, would you have us stick by her and be drowned, when there was a chance of getting safe, ashore?"

"Certainly not," answered the captain,

promptly, "no one in his senses could expect such a thing. But the cases are widely different; the brig is not on the rocks—there is no fear of her going to pieces."

"She will very soon be in one of the creeks of Cuba, or at the bottom," returned Hermann; "and it will be of no use telling the knife not to cut when you feel the sharp edge scraping your throat. It's for self-preservation, captain—self-preservation—and you can't blame us. High enough, men; haul taut the yard-tackles."

"But you are finding the longitude without making proper calculations," urged the captain; "when you quit the brig, she will run into the wind and catch aback—the schooner will instantly suspect the cause, and will not suffer a soul of you to escape, as you cannot get far away."

"I've thought of that," returned the boatswain. "One man must remain aboard, to keep her in her course."

"And who do you expect will be so self-

devoted?" asked the captain, as an inkling of the other's meaning flashed across his mind.

"Self-devoted!" exclaimed Hermann, with a laugh of derision: "No, no, its out of natur, captain, to expect a shipmate to do such a thing; but a dark-skinned nigger, who is no better than a superior sort of ourang-outang, you know——"

"You for daam rascal, Monsieur Rangoo Tang!" interrupted Quaco, unable to suppress his indignant feelings, and instantly becoming fully sensible to the boatswain's intentions; "You Rangoo Tang, yousef, for one white-libber nigger!"

"Let him blow his squall out," said the Swede; whilst Hamilton's heart swelled, almost to bursting, with rage at the horrible proposal. "Ease off the stays," continued the boatswain; "lower away, my lads—lower away handsomely—overhaul the stays—bear her off the side—let go of all. Bear a hand and unhook the tackles. Now, boys, for your traps."

During the foregoing conversation the boat had gradually risen from the chocks, and was suspended for a few seconds in a-mid-ships—the tackle from the fore and main yards then lifted her over the gunwale, and soon afterwards a heavy splash in the water announced that she was afloat.

The captain looked over the weather-quarter at the schooner, which was now overhauling the brig very fast—the love of life combatted with his sense of duty to his owners—he wrung his hands, dashed his hat upon the deck, and tore his hair, in the impotence of rage.

“Come, captain,” said the boatswain, walking aft, “we are all ready for a start. Young gentleman,” addressing Hamilton, “you had better bear a hand into the boat—there’s not a moment to be thrown away. And, d’ye hear, you dark angel,” turning to Quaco, “keep her steady in her course, or we’ll come back and cut you to pieces.”

“Many ten thousand tanky,” responded the

steward, with seeming indifference. "You see em country come dere?" pointing to the schooner with his chin: "'spose you leab me behind—de helm go hard down, an' me tell em for true where he boat go."

"You will—will you?" exclaimed the boatswain, in a tone of impetuous anger; and returning from the gangway with a heavy handspike in his hand, "You'll split upon us, eh?—then by the holy father I shall stop your mouth before we go, and let the brig take her chance." He raised the weapon—

"Captain, have you lost all humanity and manly courage?" demanded Hamilton, as he rushed before the tall and powerful Swede. "I will not see my servant injured:" he cocked one of the pistols Quaco had given him, and presenting it, added, "Stand back, fellow—offer to strike him, and I will blow your brains out!"

"Oh, very well; very well, young gentleman," said the retreating boatswain, awed by the daring conduct of the youth. "Perhaps you would prefer remaining with him."

“ If you refuse to take him in the boat, I certainly shall,” responded Hamilton ; “ he has been everything to me in childhood, and I will not desert him now.”

“ Oh, no, no, no, me massa,” said Quaco, in a voice shaken by emotion ; “ go—go—what he poor missy in a hiland do, for break her heart—go and leab Quaco—me only poor nigger—me only Rangoo Tang,” and he grinned spitefully at the Swede.

The captain walked forward to the gangway, as symptoms of impatience began to be manifested alongside. “ This is folly—sheer foolery !” said the boatswain—“ we cannot delay. If the black rascal attempts to get into the boat, I will throw him overboard ; if he will not steer the craft, and keep her steady in her course, we shall be betrayed ; and as die we must, we will return and die aboard the brig, but he shall be the first to fall. And, after all, what is it ?—the sacrifice of one for the safety of the rest. Besides, being a nigger, and not supposed to have

nat'ral understanding, he has every chance of not being hurt. Will you go with us, young gentleman, or not?"

"I will not abandon the negro," responded Hamilton, with firmness; "I will stay with him at all hazards, for I honestly tell you, I put more trust in him than I do in you."

"As you please, young man," said the boat-swain, turning hastily towards the gangway; but instantly running aft, again exclaimed, "Halloo! what does this mean?"—the boat was dropping rapidly astern—"Sacre nomme! put back for me. By all the infernals, but she's off!—Captain!—mate!—Paulo!—Samson!—they will not hear me, and I am lost!" He threw himself on the deck, grinding his teeth and venting his wrath in imprecations.

When the captain went to the gangway to quell the impatience of the men, he was suddenly caught hold of and dragged in by the mate; and though at first he appeared angry, yet in his heart he rejoiced at the prospect of

being rescued from a horrible death. Whilst waiting for the boatswain, the breeze freshened, for the wind came down in sudden puffs—the brig's speed was considerably increased—the strain on the tow-line became more and more tense, till it parted—the Bon Mari held on her way. The seamen finding themselves clear, got out their oars, and pulled with vigour, utterly disregarding the cries of the boatswain, who had been caught in the trap he designed for the African. She was soon lost sight of in the gloom of night, and Hamilton, Quaco, and the Swede were alone left upon the decks of Le Bon Mari.

CHAPTER VII.

“ She driveth on as an eagle would when the lightnings
follow him,
And plungeth down till her decks are charged up to
the very brim ;
And her ports drink in the foaming brine—a dark and
maddening stream,
With gurgling sound, and the moan of one who dreams
a fearful dream.”

HERMANN did not long retain his prostrate position on the deck ; he slowly raised himself, and as the light from the binnacle fell upon his countenance, it showed deep traces of despair. His courage—if he ever had any—was entirely evaporated ; his mental energies and his animal spirits were completely subdued ; the strong man seated himself by the companion, and wept.

“ And now, Quaco,” said Hamilton, eyeing the boatswain with contempt, “ what do you

propose that we should do ? our enemies will be aboard directly."

"Me see em, massa," returned the black, with seeming carelessness as to the result ; "em low debbil wriggle along like a snake in a guinea-grass."

"Ay, what *shall* we do?" inquired the Swede, in mournful accents, and wringing his hands in fearful anticipation.

"Em nigger neber sabby for know noting," returned Quaco, deliberately, as he steadily eyed the compass, and then began to hum in a low tone—

" Me lose me sooe
In an old canoe,
Johnny, oh ! come wind em so ;
Me lose me boot,
In a pilot boat,
Oh ! my daddy, daddy, oh !"

" Well, well, old man, I own I was wrong ; but we should not bear malice," said the boat-swain, in a tone of conciliation. " You are used to these seas, and I am not ; besides, I confess

my thoughts are bewildered : cannot you think of some means of giving us a chance ?”

“How he tink, Rangoo Tang sabby noting,” rejoined Quaco, evidently enjoying the other’s distress ; “Rangoo Tang no for tell em buckra how he skin him banana.”

“Don’t drive me desperate,” exclaimed the Swede, in a hoarse voice ; “I own I am dead-beat in manœuvring, and meant to play you a scurvy trick.”

“Massa put him finger in a split stick he-sef,” returned the African, with a low chuckle ; “why he no go down in a hold, and creep in em run, ’spose he can.”

“I should soon be discovered there,” dissented the Swede, with a shake of his head ; “no no—that will never do ; besides, they might set the brig on fire.”

“Em neber do dat,” asserted Quaco ; “dey no want for light a beacon to tell him man-a-war buckra come.”

“But they may scuttle her,” persisted the

boatswain, "and I should be drowned before they took their departure, or else driven from my hiding place to suffer torment."

"All same for dat," said the negro, contemptuously; "Garamercie, you tink for nobody but yousef. Here me young massa — here Rangoo Tang—no?"

"Don't stir my evil passions, old man!" said the boatswain, assuming something like angry fierceness; "it is through you I have been brought into this scrape; and if you urge me further, I will show you what it is to be revenged!"

"Me lose me sooe
In an old canoe,
Johny, oh! come wind 'em so!"

hummed the negro again, to the great irritation of the Swede, who sprang up, and laid hold of the handspike with which he had before threatened the African.

"Silence, you black devil!" commanded he, as he raised the weapon; but Hamilton's pistol

was presented within a foot of his head, and he turned round and once more seated himself by the companion, muttering curses.

“Em horse-trough in a squall, massa,” said the negro, addressing the youth; “and, Garamercie! dere go de tunder noder time more!”

Several bright flashes succeeded each other from the schooner; but it was evident, by the reports, that the guns were pointed broad away from the brig, and almost immediately afterwards loud yells and shrieks were borne upon the breeze. The boatswain almost threw his enormous body forward to the bulwark, where his look became intently fixed, as he knelt with his neck extending over the quarter. Again arose another wild cry of despair; whilst the Swede gave way to the indulgence of a demoniac laugh, as he exclaimed, “They’ve seen the boat—they’ve hit her, and all will go to the bottom. Now, old man, let go the helm, and do the best you can for yourself. They will believe the brig to be wholly deserted—let go the tiller,

I say !” for Quaco hesitated to obey ; “and young gentleman, bear a hand and stow yourself away—they will never believe that a single soul would remain behind—there go her guns again !”

The schooner had evidently discovered the fugitives, though they were no longer visible from the brig, and had taken the means already described to destroy what they considered the whole crew at one stroke. Quaco let go the tiller, as ordered, and the brig deviated wildly in her course, yawing about without guidance and without control. The boatswain ran hastily forward, and they saw no more of him. Quaco advised Hamilton to ascend to the main-top, and lie close and snug, whilst he shifted for himself, according to circumstances. The youth bade the old man an affectionate farewell ; and having procured a powder-horn and some bullets, he slung his rifle at his back, and mounted the rigging. When he reached the top, he looked to ascertain if the African or the Swede were to

be seen, but the deck was deserted, and the darkness grew more dense and gloomy.

The breeze, as if conscious that restraint was at an end, pursued its own extravagant antics with the brig, driving her hither and thither in sheer wantonness, whilst the vessel, like a playful colt unwilling to be caught and haltered, seemed by her serpentine wake determined to baffle her pursuer. But onward came the schooner, and, to the eyes of Hamilton, there seemed to be two lofty trees, with their graceful foliage, growing upon an almost imperceptible slip of land, so strange was the comparison between the pirate's long low hull, that scarcely rose above the level of the water, and her tall aspiring spars, with their broad but light spread of duck. Her deck was not brilliantly illuminated, but there was sufficient light streaming from three or four ship's lanterns to enable the youth to perceive that she was full of men, who, like disturbed spirits that troubled the deep, were moving restlessly to and fro.

The random course of the brig rendered it hazardous for the schooner to lay her alongside ; the latter, therefore, ran well a-head, and dropped her boat with a boarding party, who were soon on the decks of the *Bon Mari*, and their first act was, in the middle of a smart puff that swept the ocean, to let go of studding-sail sheets, tacks, and halliards, whilst the clattering of splintered booms and the fluttering of canvas, as it flew to leeward, sounded most unpleasantly to the ears of Hamilton, who, extended in the maintop, had his eye to a small hole, through which some of the top-gallant gear had been rove, and which afforded to his sight partial glimpses of what was going on below, where wild and lawless confusion reigned triumphant amongst a mixture of languages from almost every maritime power under the sun.

Lanterns were glancing about like fire-flies, and their red light had a strange, unnatural appearance as they gleamed upon the rising comb of the sea, whilst the loud and boisterous laugh, the

ribald jest, and the wrathful curse, ascended aloft, mingled with the crashing sounds of breaking open cases and casks; and, as the work proceeded, it became evident that the marauders were indulging their propensities for liquor to an excess that not only threatened the safety of the brig, but even their own lives.

The Bon Mari had been brought to the wind with the main-topsail to the mast, and directly on her weather-beam laid the schooner, with but little canvas abroad. What had become of the negro or the Swede, Hamilton could not conjecture, but he fervently hoped they had found a place of concealment, where they might remain secure till the plunderers were wearied with destruction and quitted the craft. The boats were engaged in removing stores, provisions, and whatever was considered valuable, to the schooner, and the heart of the youth sickened at the apprehension, that probably some one might ascend to the top, and discover him to the demons, who would instantly hurl him into the

ocean, or—what was still more probable—apply the torture before the final act of the tragedy. Several times he felt the shaking of the rigging, as if heavy feet were balanced on the rattlins, and he grasped his rifle, determined to defend himself to the last ; but they either descended again, or else it was caused by some sudden transit to the boat.

Upwards of two hours had thus passed in agonized suspense ; the breeze continued to freshen, gradually backing round to the north-west ; the sea was getting up and curling its head in anger, when all at once a loud shout was heard forward, which in a few minutes was borne aft to the quarter-deck ; but what had caused the demonstration Hamilton could not well discover ; yet he thought he could distinguish, amidst the demoniac demonstrations of joy, a voice that, in deprecatory mournfulness, was entreating for mercy. Oh, what a moment was that ! Could they have found the African, or the Swede?—would they betray his position? were questions that he has-

tily put to himself, as the big round drops oozed from his skin, as evidences of his agony. But a moment's reflection assured him that the Swede had not witnessed his ascent to the top, and, dear as was the love of life in Quaco, yet his betrayal could procure him no beneficial result, and remembrances of the past cheered him, as far as it was possible in his situation to be cheered, that the negro would remain faithful.

At length a partial lull in the storm of human vociferation and strife enabled Hamilton to hear more distinctly and clearly the voice of the boatswain, pleading for his life ; but the words were again soon drowned by the renewal of the Babel-like harangues, and the shouts of murderous and infuriated passions. The look of the youth was directed more intently through his observatory, and, dim as his eye had become by agitation and distress, yet now that the numerous lights had gathered round the seeming *mêlée*, and their rays were tending towards one centre, he clearly discerned the gigantic form of the Swede, as,

pinioned and bound hand and foot, he laid extended on the deck, and as a sudden flash from a lantern shone full upon his face, the youth perceived, or thought he perceived, that streams of blood were running down from wounds in the head.

What passed he could not hear ; but as several of the villains directed their eyes aloft, he dreaded lest the Swede had excited their suspicions that there were more than himself attached to the vessel remaining in her ; but what was said, the increasing whistling of the wind and the loud violent language of the pirates prevented him from distinguishing, though detached words would now and then meet his ear, and he thought that offers of life were made to the boatswain if he would join their band.

At this moment the voice of Quaco was heard in the midst of them. Hamilton was too familiar with the sound to be mistaken, and fearing that he also was about to suffer with the Swede, he incautiously bent over the top brim, to command a better view, whilst his fingers clutched

his rifle with a fearful eagerness, and a tiger-like ferocity was kindling in his heart. To his surprise, however, the negro was free, whilst by his side stood the slight figure of a man, to whom the rest appeared to owe obedience.

“Away with him!” shouted Quaco, in the Spanish tongue; “I am a brother amongst you—your captain knows me well!”

“Let him die the death!” exclaimed the chief: “he is a deserter from our cause, and by the laws which bind us together, he is sentenced.—do you not know Baptiste?”

Lights were instantly flashed in his gory face, and the noise and the shouts of recognition rose, with terrible denunciations, as the wretched man was dragged aft. Again his sonorous voice was heard above the confusion that prevailed, as he implored them to hear him; but Quaco, with a ferociousness approaching to insanity, urged them to instant execution. A running noose was made in one end of the peak down-haul, and passed round the neck of the gigantic Swede,

who, exerting all his might, burst his bonds and stood erect as the rope became taut. Grasping the negro in his arms, he hurled him into the ocean; he was preparing to spring upon another, but he was lifted from his feet, and his body was slowly swayed aloft. He raised his hands above his head, and supporting himself by them, prevented strangulation; still his altitude increased, when, making a sudden spring, he caught hold of the gaff-end, clung round it with his legs, till getting hold of the outer peak halliards, he sat astride the spar with his face towards Hamilton.

A yell, like that of a tortured spirit in the bottomless pit, escaped the Swede as he detected the place of the youth's concealment; he was about to descend into the top, no doubt for the purpose of trying to purchase his own safety by the sacrifice of another. Hamilton crouched down, with his rifle pointed and his finger on the trigger, when the corpulent body of the Swede sprang into the air—a flash and a report came from the deck, and the next instant he was

swinging with great velocity, as he hung suspended by the neck.

Again his hands clutched the rope, and for a minute or two he held fast ; but his strength was failing, his senses reeled, and once more he fell, the noose tightening by his weight. Another essay was made—his hands reached the rope, but he could not raise himself ; his huge frame became convulsed—his hands fell, and his arms were drawn up ; convulsive contortions lifted him by the neck, and in a few minutes the Swede was a corpse.

The firing of the musket which brought down the boatswain was, however, to the surprise of the pirates, answered by one at some distance to windward, and a blue-light and a rocket apprised the marauders that the approaching stranger was most probably a ship of war—not a moment was lost in regaining the schooner, and Hamilton began to breathe more freely, as he saw her make sail and reach away upon the larboard tack. Still he would not stir till she faded away

in the gloom—and even then it was only to raise himself to his knees, and utter a fervent prayer of gratitude for his deliverance.

The body of the Swede still hung at the peak-end, and Hamilton would have gladly lowered it down or cut the rope; but when he reflected that he was now alone, in a large vessel, upon the wide ocean, the dreariness of his situation came heavily upon his heart, and he felt inclined to remain where he was. But the gale was increasing, and something was necessary to be done for self-preservation. He looked towards the place where he had seen the blue-lights, and fancied he could discern an approaching vessel; mustering resolution, therefore, he descended to the deck just as a fierce squall took the main-top-mast over the side, and the head-sails were blown from the yards.

Hamilton knew not the extent of these disasters; he saw the wreck of spars and canvas, and earnestly did he gaze upon what he conjectured was the advancing stranger: he ran aft to

lower the body of the Swede, but when he called to mind the probability of its coming in-board, from which all his physical powers would not be able to eject it, he forbore, and there it hung, oscillating fearfully in its vibration to the motion of the brig. The fancied stranger continued to approach, shewing, however, an unnatural and spectral-like paleness through the gloom. As it neared the brig, it kept expanding upon the surface of the waters, and its aspiring canvas stretched into the very heavens, till it had assumed a dimension that the youth well knew could belong to no ship that had ever been built by the hand of man. Still it came on with terrific speed, spreading wider and wider—a burst of artillery, as if a thousand pieces of cannon had been discharged at once, roared upon the winds, and the whole horizon to windward was lighted up with sheets of vivid flame. Hamilton clung to the rails, as he shouted, “the hurricane! the hurricane!”—the vessel caught the dreadful visitant as it bounded along in its maddened fury—

she reeled to the blast, and heeled over, so that the youth thought that his last hour was come, and his grave was opening to receive him. He looked up at the colossal form of the boatswain, as it was acted upon by the storm, and he saw it shot like an arrow from a bow into the foaming abyss beneath. For an instant its dark outline was seen upon the white froth of the ocean—it rose upon a broken billow, and was tossed partly out of the water as it topped the foaming sea; another mountain-wave rose between it and the brig—Hamilton beheld it no more, and he felt as if a heavy weight had been taken from his breast.

Still the tempest raged with greater fierceness, and meeting with more resistance from forward than abaft, the brig payed off, and careered nearly before it in wild impetuosity. Hamilton did not know how to steer, and if he had known, his strength would not have been adequate to the task; so that he was compelled to remain utterly inactive, clinging to the companion, which he had

been enabled to reach as the vessel rolled, and there he remained through that dark and dreary night, momentarily expecting death.

But the brig was nearly new and perfectly tight; she was also an excellent sea-boat, and though she shipped several heavy seas, nevertheless her buoyancy prevailed; and had there been a skilful hand at the helm, and an occasional jog at the pumps, there was in reality nothing so very alarming to an experienced mind in her condition, beyond the dismantled state of her spars and sails, to which, however, in the present case, Hamilton most probably was indebted thus far for his preservation.

Day gradually broke upon the fearful scene, and as it shewed more plainly to the youth the vast extent of raging ocean by which he was surrounded, so the prospect to him was more cheerless and disheartening than when night veiled the waters from his sight. And yet recollection brought something of a similar nature to his mental vision; he had witnessed such

a spectacle before—nay, he even coupled with it the circumstance of a huge dog, playing with careless glee in the wash of waters; the very name “ Neptune ” grew familiar to him, though when or where such things had taken place remained a mystery.

The human intellect requires but a hair to lead it on from incident to incident in the train of early associations and affections, and perhaps never is this more the case than when, in the midst of life, we find ourselves apprehensive of the near approach of death. Thus in the moment of his affliction Hamilton experienced a pleasing and a soothing sensation in his heart; the gale and the early dawn had awakened, though he was unconscious of the precise fact, remembrances of the morning when Feaghan held him in his arms on board the cutter, and shewed him the ocean in a storm. Step by step did he retrace his early years, his infantile playmate Ned Jones, his dear little sister Ellen, the fine elderly gentleman who used to caress him

and speak kindly to him, the beautiful animal in the cutter, and then suddenly it flashed upon his memory that Neptune had borne him up when sinking in the waters, and saved his life; even the features of Feaghan were dimly shadowed to his mental vision, as he closed his eyes to shut out exterior objects—and oh ! how fervently he wished that the dog was with him now to break the loneliness of his condition !

Whilst thus indulging in reverie, the brig, without guide, without restraint, was suddenly brought by the lee, and a tremendous wave lifting its mighty head as if to crush the little craft, burst with vengeance over her bows, burying her head many feet beneath the oppressive load, and carrying away the bowsprit just outside the stem. The crashing of the spar, the roaring of the waters as they closed round the foremast, and dashed the spray nearly to the very top, terrified the affrighted Hamilton; yet he knew not where to fly, though a prayer sprang spontaneously from his heart for aid in this hour of peril.

The brig struggled to free herself—she rose buoyant on the next wave, and threw up her bows as if in triumph that her adversary had not prevailed; but the foremast no longer had its supporting stay—the weight of top-hamper resting solely on the stability of the stick, quivered for an instant, and the next, as the vessel's head was pointing to the skies, the mast, with its long line of lessening spars, was hurled backwards, and fell with a crash over the quarter, from whence it rolled into the deep. The mainmast being left standing without any balance before, the *Bon Mari* came steadily to the wind; the wreck of masts and bowsprit by the vessel's drift was thrown athwart the forefoot, and broke the violence of the waves, though there was the hazard of staving-in the bows.

The body of water which carried away the bowsprit rushed aft* as the vessel rose; but Hamilton promptly closed the door of the companion, which, being strong and firm, resisted the impetuous torrent, though many tons went

down the hatchways, and the cabin floor was all afloat. The youth, who had placed himself within the companion, was drenched through, and his reason almost gave way as this last catastrophe seemed but a prelude to his final departure. But in a short time every thing grew more tranquil; the vessel was comparatively quiet, as she rolled over the seas, and though occasionally a wave broke over her, yet it was harmless in its effects, and far less terrific in its nature.

Two other enemies now attacked the youth—hunger and fatigue; and, for the first time since the departure of the pirates, he descended to the cabin. The water had drained off from the deck, and left it, though wet, comparatively comfortable as a shelter; it is true that the furniture was busily engaged in rolling about according to the motion of the brig, and there were the remnants of broken bottles, shattered cases, empty trunks, and scattered goods of all kinds, in active hostility with each other.

Hamilton had some difficulty in reaching the lockers abaft without getting his shins bruised ; but he could find nothing to eat. He then sought the captain's state-room, and in one of the drawers he discovered the remnant of a dried tongue, and a flask of brandy ; from thence he proceeded to a small space, beneath the companion ladder, denominated the pantry, where he obtained some fragments of bread ; but that which he desired most, water, he could no where meet with. The brandy then became his last resource, and, after appeasing the cravings of hunger, he swallowed a considerable quantity of the spirit, and, whilst his brain dizzily reeled, he gained the captain's bed-place, and, throwing himself upon it, was soon in a deep, but restless slumber.

When Hamilton awoke he was labouring under a distressing head-ache from the brandy he had drank, and at first he wondered at the situation in which he found himself ; but as he shook off the heaviness of sleep, he became but

too sensible of what had occurred, and his heart sank within him at the prospect which burst upon his mental view. Still this was no time to lie down and despair, and therefore, arousing from the lethargy that still weighed upon his faculties, he quitted the state-room and passed through the cabin, (where the silence was thrillingly startling,) from whence he proceeded to the deck. The gale was over—the setting sun was only a few degrees above the verge of the horizon, which was lighted up with a flood of radiant glory—the sea was going down, though it still continued in a long rolling swell, which rendered the brig very restless, as she had nothing aloft to steady her.

Hamilton looked anxiously around, under the hope of discovering a sail, but none could he perceive, though he discerned a hummock of land, and what appeared a cluster of small islands under his lee, the breakers dashing upon the rocks, and throwing up their hoary whiteness to an appalling height. The atmosphere

was warm and clear ; the storm had subsided to a light breeze, and, dreary as the loneliness of the youth was, he now began to cherish the love of life more ardently. Whilst daylight yet remained he sought amongst the stores, and found oil and candles, and food, and, as his parched tongue was withering with thirst, he no longer hesitated to descend into the hold for water ; but his inexperience prevented his ascertaining which were the right casks, nor could he extract the bungs of any, and he returned to the cabin burnt with the fever of excitement, doubly severe from the privation.

Suddenly he thought of the mess-place of the seamen, which he instantly hastened to, and here he discovered a small cask, securely lashed, from which the bung had been removed ; he thrust in his fingers, but they could not reach the liquid, if there was any ; he seized a strip of wood, and, plunged it in ; his heart palpitated as he drew it forth, and, applying it to his tongue, he ascertained that it was vinegar. The

drops that he contrived to extract were extremely refreshing, but still they could not satiate his thirst, and once more he essayed to search for the only element that could allay the torture he was enduring. With an axe in his hand he again went into the hold, and, splitting the upper staves of several casks, he at length discovered what he sought for, and a cry of joy was uttered to which there came no response. The youth laid himself down, and applied his mouth to the water, so eager was he to possess his prize; he drank long and deliciously of the pure element, and then, fetching several empty jars and bottles, he filled them with the liquid, and carried them away to the cabin.

Some plantains that were suspended abaft offered him an excellent nutriment, could he contrive to make a fire; and this, after much pain and labour, he accomplished in the caboose by means of some linen, which was ignited by gunpowder from his pistol, pieces of tarred parcelling, rope-yarns, and, ultimately, wood.

His plantains were roasted, and he made an efficient meal, qualifying it with a mixture of vinegar, water, and brandy, sweetened by sugar.

The sun went down in all the pride of majesty, tinging the ocean with its golden hues ; but Hamilton was too busily engaged to witness the gorgeous spectacle, and it was not till twilight had deepened into darkness that he stood upon the deck and called to remembrance all that had taken place since he quitted San Domingo, and contemplated the probability of what might yet occur. His ruminations were painfully distressing ; the stillness that prevailed made him shudder ; his association with the negroes had instilled some of their superstitions in his mind, and he was upon the wide ocean in a wreck—alone.

To divert this train of thinking, the youth trimmed the binnacle lamp to the best of his ability ; he placed a candle in a lantern, and suspended it in the rigging, and, having supplied more fuel to his fire, he wrapped himself in

whatever covering he could procure, and laid himself down upon the deck ; for whilst he could see the stars glittering above his head he did not experience that entire desolation which depressed his spirits in the gloom of the captain's state-room. But he could not sleep ; hour after hour he continued to retain his position, except for a few minutes that he was employed in seeing to his fire or renewing the lighted candle in the lantern ; and, having completed his task, he gave an ardent gaze round the horizon.

Towards morning, however, exhausted nature gave way, and sleep took possession of his faculties. At first his dreams were terrifying, and he frequently started up in alarm ; but calmer feelings stole over him, and then the visions of his slumbers were of a soothing and pleasing kind, and he enjoyed a tranquil repose, from which he was awoke by the roar of waters, and springing to his feet, he found the brig close to a ledge of rocks, over which the waves were wildly breaking, whilst within them was a small

island, or key (as they are called in the West Indies), rising in the highest part to about forty feet from the level of the ocean, and looking like a green oasis in the desert.

It was broad daylight, and the vessel was rapidly hurrying into the boiling and roaring vortex that threatened to rend her plank from plank, and scatter the fragments into shapeless masses. Hamilton beheld the dreadful spectacle with dismay—the pangs of death were already upon him, though in the full enjoyment of health and vigour ; the horrible noise of the turbulent waters, as they seemed eager to carry their prey onwards to destruction, was strangely contrasted with the stillness on board the brig; while the smooth and tranquil surface of the ocean between the ledge of rocks and the island, appeared like a haven of safety, which the youth despaired of ever reaching.

Every swell bore the devoted vessel still nearer to her doom, and the sea-birds came screaming round her—sometimes alighting on the rigging,

and then flying away again as if they feared to remain by the fated craft. Hamilton gazed on the island, and its refuge seemed to mock the pangs his heart endured; he had no expectation of quitting the brig alive, yet he deemed it right to use every effort that offered a probability of saving himself; he could not swim, and thinking that some of the spars would become detached when the vessel struck, he determined to avail himself of whatever might be nearest to effect his purpose.

Not only the swell, but the wind and the current were acting as auxiliaries in hastening the brig to the breakers; she was now within a few fathoms of that raging tumult—she was surrounded by the hissing foam of the recoil, and for a minute or two remained stationary, as if in dread of what there was to follow. Onward rolled the swell again, and lifted her on its crest right into the midst of the broken and bubbling waters, that toppled and rushed upon her deck. Once more she descended between the liquid moun-

tains, and Hamilton expected that she would strike and go instantly to pieces ; her larboard broadside was to the land, and the youth sprang into the main rigging, where he clung, as he feared that the succeeding wave might sweep him away. A damp dew hung upon his brow, an oppressive weight bowed down his spirit ; he watched the approaching billow, which shewed more monstrous than the rest ; it lifted him up upon its curling head—the vessel rushed bodily into the breakers ; it bore her along, and as a cry for mercy escaped the lips of the almost despairing youth, a severe shock announced that she had struck. The waves rolled on, and left the *Bon Mari* with her stern high on a rock, whilst her bows, as they swung round into deeper water, were nearly buried to the windlass. Thus she remained for two or three minutes, when another swell came in, her rudder was torn away, her keel was lifted clear, and with frightful velocity she plunged forward—her head rose trembling from beneath the pressure it had sus-

tained, she was afloat fore and aft, and the succeeding wave carried her into smooth water.

Great was the delight and gratitude of young Hamilton, as even with his unpractised eye he perceived that the greatest danger was surmounted, and he was now in comparative safety ; but still the brig was carried along by the current towards a point of the island, and in less than a quarter of an hour she was swept round it and stuck fast in a small bay, where she remained immoveable, and not more than half a dozen fathoms from the almost perpendicular face of a cliff, that rose some thirty feet above the water ; the little ripple of the stream washed against her sides as she laid perfectly still and fixed, except that a slight motion was occasionally felt as the swell rolled in.

The first impulse of the youth was to get on shore ; but this was no easy matter, as the wreck of spars had been torn away when crossing the breakers, and except on one small ledge, there appeared to be no spot on which a person could

land—the hen-coops were gone—there was nothing on which he could float, and he was compelled to remain on board ; but after what he had escaped, this did not operate upon his mind as any great hardship, and giving up his fruitless endeavours to quit the brig, he turned-to with a hearty good-will to search for provisions, and those necessities which were essential to prolong existence. His fire had been extinguished, but he soon re-lighted it ; he then cleared the cabin of its lumber, and restored it to something like order. The pirates had helped themselves to most of the eatables and drinkables, but still he found an ample supply of salt-meat and bread—coffee formed a part of the cargo, as well as sugar and cotton ; there was a bag of excellent yams and some plantains ; nor were preserves and pickles wanting to give a zest to the food. The day was delightfully fine—as it progressed Hamilton occupied himself in various ways, allowing no idle moments for distressing rumination.

A shift in the position of the vessel, however,

attracted his attention, and running upon deck, he found that the water had almost quitted the brig, so as to leave her nearly dry, and he ascertained that she hung by the middle, in the cleft of a jagged rock, so as to place her two extremes nearly on an equipoise, which, if destroyed on one side, would inevitably cause her to descend on the other, and be dashed to pieces. The fact was, she had grounded on nearly the top of the tide, and now it had receded, she was left almost high and dry in the situation described.

The youth no sooner became aware of this, than he feared to move from amidships, lest his weight might cause the catastrophe he had so much reason to dread ; and it was not till the water rose, and he supposed the danger was passed by the vessel becoming buoyant, that he quitted the post he had occupied so many dreary hours. But the knocking off of the rudder had made her leaky, and the unnatural strain, from hanging as she did upon the rock, broke her back ; so that, by the height of the flood, which

happened after darkness had veiled the sky, she was full of water over her cabin deck, and within a few inches of the standing bed-places.

Hamilton had not expected this new trial of his fortitude; but as, in case of accidents, he had removed most of his perishable stores to the caboose, they sustained no injury, and he was enabled to assist his bodily strength by ample sustenance. The night was temperate and serene—but the dark-frowning mass of granite that almost surrounded the brig produced a fearful gloom; and the youth, with feverish anxiety and impatience, watched the fallen waters, apprehensive that the vessel might part in two. Again he placed himself in amidships, and soon afterwards sunk into sleep. Midnight passed away, and Hamilton was still steeped in forgetfulness. The middle watch was half-way in its departure, when a loud crashing noise awoke him from his repose, and he at once perceived that the two extremes of the vessel had

settled lower down, and could not continue much longer together.

Oh! how fervently did he pray for daylight! but it hastened not for his petitions. The firm land was close to him; but he was unable to reach it. The heavens above were clear, and the beautiful stars were sparkling in their brilliancy, as if momentarily renewing, and throwing out an effulgence that nothing could surpass; yet their brightness could not illumine the dark forebodings of Hamilton's mind. But the vessel sank no lower; the water again rose, and daylight came in due time, and shewed the youth that the vessel was evidently parting near her gangways. Without losing an instant, he set to work; and collecting handspikes, pieces of plank, and other materials that would float, he constructed a sort of raft upon the deck, which, by its dimensions, promised not only to bear his weight, but also convey a tolerable proportion of his provender. He smiled with satisfaction

when his task was finished ; but the smile immediately vanished when, for the first time, it struck him that he had no means of getting it into the water. How he came to overlook so palpable a matter, must be left to the decision of wiser heads—there was the fact ; and it almost maddened him to think his time, and ingenuity, and labour, had thus been thrown away.

The flood was nearly at its height—the ebb would soon be making, and he was no further advanced in his ineffectual efforts to reach the land than when he first commenced. Abandoning his raft, and collecting a few eatables in a bag, with a keg of water, he resolutely determined to try and cut away the mainmast. Without a moment's delay, his axe was swinging over his head, and severing the laniards of the shrouds on the outward side. In half an hour every thing was clear. He then divided the stay and the spring-stay forward, and coming aft again, prepared to finish what he had begun.

The tide was ebbing fast—the water was

rapidly falling—the extremes of the vessel already began to descend—the pitchy seams across the deck were opening wider and wider, and every stroke of the axe upon the wood shook the brig, as if with convulsive trembling at her anticipated fate. Exerting all his strength, the youth drove the axe into the mast, and as he felt the keen edge enter, a tremor for an instant crept over him; but it quickly passed away, and he renewed his strokes with vigour, though at first without much success. At length a yawning gap was made, and redoubling his efforts, he persevered in cutting into it till the mast was severed more than half-way through.

But this had been a work of time; the axe was small and not over-sharp, and there was still much to effect—for, as the mast was perfectly upright, there was no overbalancing weight to hasten its downfall, though Hamilton had repeatedly quitted its neighbourhood as the groaning timbers of the brig appeared to give indications of its descent. The water was

now getting fearfully low—the seams were separating more and more—the wash-boards at the gangway had parted, and their splintered ends had opened to a width that shewed the last hour of the brig was near at hand ; whilst her moans, as the dissevering planks gave way, were like those of a human being in his closing agony.

Hamilton saw that the affair was growing desperate, and he could not help responding to the groans of the poor brig ; still he cut away with an energy that nothing but the dread of death could inspire, and at length had the satisfaction of seeing the deep wound that he had made was inclined to close. Hastily running to the starboard gangway, he stood for several minutes, hoping that his task was ended, and expecting to see the mast fly over the larboard side ; but he was disappointed—it still retained its position, though out of its perpendicular, and the youth was compelled to return to his work.

Grown almost furious with vexation, Hamilton again swung his axe above his head ; but this time it descended on the starboard side of the mast. A crashing, thundering sound followed ; sparks and scintillations were dancing in his eyes ; a ringing, stunning blow on the head had almost deprived him of sensibility ; he felt himself suddenly immersed in the water—then again he breathed the pure air ; but the horrible noises that continued at intervals utterly distracted his ideas ; and the sickness, both in heart and head, induced him to believe that his brief career was about to close for ever.

It was some time before he could uncloset his eyes, and when he did he found himself lying across the floating mast. Scarcely a vestige of the brig was to be seen ; but close to him was the raft that he had made, bearing his treasure of food and fresh water secured upon its surface, whilst casks and broken wreck were continually rising to be carried away by the current. The joy which the sight of the raft instilled into his

heart revived his wasted energies. He hailed it as an evidence that Providence had not deserted him ; and in a few minutes he was sufficiently invigorated to take possession of his prize, and to secure her alongside of the mast, which was held fast by the larboard shrouds, that were still attached to the main channels.

CHAPTER VIII.

“ His love in times past forbids me to think,
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink.”

THE first impulse which operated in Hamilton's heart, when he knelt upon his raft, was gratitude for deliverance; he then pushed off his frail vessel, and with a rough-shaped paddle endeavoured to make for the ledge, as the only spot that promised a place of landing; but the current was too powerful for him to contend against, and he was swept away with a velocity that he had never calculated upon. The low point that formed one extreme of the bay was rounded, and he feared that he should be drifted out to sea: but by strenuous exertions he succeeded in getting into the eddy, and soon afterwards reached a small cove with a flat beach, that

nature seemed to have made in one of her freaks for a holiday grotto; and here, to his great surprise, he found much of the wreck of spars and other things that had been washed away from the brig. In a few minutes the youth was standing safely on the shore, and in a short time his stores and provisions were carried up above high-water mark; and having obtained a sufficient length of rope from the shattered mast, he moored his little float, and then sat himself down to rest from his labour.

The sun was again setting, but he had now no fear of being dashed to pieces on the rocks; he was on the firm ground, and should so far have nothing to apprehend through the darkness of the night. Much of the wreck was high and dry, and with his knife he cut away the canvas from the foreyard, and made himself a thick and comfortable covering from the dew and the mosquitoes. His provisions remained uninjured, except his bread, part of which was wet, and he

only wanted a fire to roast his plantains and make himself some coffee.

Ingenuity supplied this defect. He chafed some of the canvas till it became as soft and downy as cotton. He then collected the driest wood he could find, (there was plenty on the beach,) and with his pistols, which he still retained about his person, he endeavoured to ignite the materials he had heaped together. But the powder was damp, and his powder-horn, together with his rifle, and some articles of clothing and of value, had been deposited in a chest on board the brig. For a long time his efforts were fruitless; at length he pressed all the moisture that it was possible to remove from the gunpowder, and forming it into a cone with a fine point, he snapped the pistols over it, hoping that one spark amongst so many might catch. This practice he continued for several minutes, till his perseverance was at last rewarded; a spark settled on the apex of the cone, the powder hissed and threw up its fountain of fire; "the devil"—

** Comm. vol. 10
a "Foggy"*

(for by such name is it known amongst boys)—nobly performed its duty, and the combustibles were speedily in flame.

Hamilton fared sumptuously that night, and then enveloping himself in the sail-cloth, he composed his limbs for rest, and was soon transported in his dreams to scenes of joy and gladness. He fancied himself in a splendid mansion, far exceeding any thing he had ever witnessed, and it was lighted up by stars that vied with the heavenly orbs in the brilliancy they diffused. Forms, beautiful as angels, were moving to and fro, and one led him by the hand whose face he could not see for glory, and yet there was a soft dulcet voice that whispered in his ear and told him it was his mother; and she sang sweet songs of joy to the music of golden harps, and she pressed his fingers with a fond endearing tenderness, inviting him to join her, but he could not. Suddenly the scene changed, the semblance of beauty faded away, and he found himself stretched on a rocky bed upon a wild

sea-coast, the wind howling over him, and a monster from the deep preparing to seize him as his prey ; he felt the rude grasp shaking his frame ; he saw the creature's eyes glaring upon him—terror unchained his faculties, he awoke, and found it real. Something was, indeed, endeavouring, as he thought, to lay hold of him ; shock after shock followed ; he threw the canvas from his head, and two full fiery orbs were peering into his for a moment, and then were suddenly withdrawn. Hurriedly disentangling himself from his coverings he sprang upon his feet, clutched the monster by its claws, put forth his strength in the encounter, and after some severe struggling he turned over upon its back—a remarkably fine turtle.

When daylight came the youth made his meal, and then set out to wander over the island. With some difficulty he attained the summit, and looked well round him in the distance, but no sail was in sight ; he then sought the brow of the cliff that hung over the bay where the

brig had struck, and when upon its verge he looked over ; the water was as clear as glass, and through its medium he saw the devoted vessel, as she lay buried beneath that element she had been accustomed to brave. The main-mast with the main-yard was still floating, but one end of the main-yard nearly touched the jagged rocks at the base of the cliff, having been drifted into that position by the tide. It immediately struck him, that if he could get his raft round he might be enabled to fish up something from the sunken vessel ; but whilst pleasing himself with the idea, the back fins of several enormous sharks gliding along above the surface of the water, near the wreck, impelled him to resign his intention, at least till he had made his raft more steady and substantial.

The island was about half a mile long and something less than a quarter of a mile across: the upper part thickly wooded, but the trees on the extreme summit had been blown down, most probably in the late hurricane. There were

several small coves and inlets, but no communication except by water with the bay, where the brig was finally wrecked. Numerous sea-birds flew over the land as well as their more proper element, and the rock fish were to be distinctly perceived as they sought their sustenance near the bottom. All this promised plenty of food, provided he had the means of taking it.

He returned to the place where he had slept, and industriously applied himself to re-modelling his raft, so that in a few days he had constructed a very respectable vessel, considering his means, and at the flow of the tide he found it floated; the platform he had laid swam high out of the water, and there only wanted a few improvements which common sense and ingenuity suggested. In two days more she was perfectly ready, and a seaman would not have hesitated in attempting a voyage to San Domingo or Porto Rico, running before the wind, and knowing the direction in which they laid. But Hamilton was no seaman—since his arrival at the

Solitaire down to the period in which he embarked in *Le Bon Mari*, he had never been on the water, and, consequently, was wholly ignorant of the most common steps necessary to a voyage beyond what reason dictated.

During the progress of his labours in forming his raft, he had made it a constant maxim three times a-day, *viz.* morning, noon, and evening, to visit the summit of the island, and look out for strange vessels. More than once or twice he discerned a white sail upon the horizon, and his hopes of getting away were revived, but the craft faded away in the distance and disappeared.

His first essay on the raft was round to the wreck, but he could do no more than look about him and procure some additional canvas from the main-yard, and as, on his return, he had nearly missed the cove and drifted out to sea, he forbore repeating the experiment, especially as he was not in immediate want of provisions. The turtle had been a rich feast to him, and the shell served him for many purposes. He was by

no means insensible to the effort that might be made to reach one of the larger islands; and deep was his regret at the loss of Quaco, whose strange mysterious conduct often excited his surprise, but conjecture was wholly at fault as to the cause.

With the canvas and what spare spars he could collect he raised himself a tent, beneath the branches of trees, about one-third up the eminence—and thither he removed his materials and provisions, taking care that his fire did not go out, as he was fearful that if it did he should not be able to relight it, and many of his comforts would thereby be lost.

Three weeks had elapsed since the day of the wreck, and his stock of fresh water had fearfully diminished, so as to depress his spirits and render him melancholy; day by day he continued to witness its decrease with a restless impatience he could not control. Hour after hour he felt his loneliness becoming more and more oppressive—sleep forsook him, and during

- the night he would sit and fancy the sound of voices was near—nay, sometimes he was impressed with a certainty that he could distinguish words, and understood their conversation. Cautiously would he approach the place whence they were supposed to come—but silence again prevailed, and he returned to his tent bowed down in spirit and disconsolate.

Once more he tried his raft, and succeeded in getting to the wreck, under the hope that some of the water-casks might have drifted out from the hold; but his visit was as fruitless as the former, and he returned with the tide, heart subdued and sick. His water was nearly expended—hope seemed to abandon him—the firmness which had sustained him gave way, and he contemplated self-destruction. That night he awoke from a disturbed lethargy, and fancied that he heard some one calling his name; snatching up a piece of burning pine-wood, he rushed in pursuit, dragging part of his tent away with him, and scattering the burning ashes of his fire. Eagerly did

he chase the supposed fugitive—the delusion grew stronger as he advanced, and he had nearly been precipitated into the sea, when he sank upon the verge of the cliff over the bay, exhausted and despairing. The cool breeze revived his fainting frame, and he sat and thought that there were only a few feet between him and death—it was but a plunge from the cliff, and his misery would at once be terminated. He threw the yet burning wood over, and watched its fall—there was the brilliancy of a moment, and then it was extinguished for ever—it seemed a type of his own fate.

There he continued for nearly an hour, when he observed a strange red glare of reflected light upon the ocean, round the point that formed one extreme of the cove; and, in the silence that prevailed, he could hear a hissing, cracking noise, neither of which he could account for. But they aroused him from his despondency, by creating excitement; and, with as much haste as he could well employ, he directed his course

for the tent. As he neared the spot, in his descent, wreaths of smoke came curling above him, and red flames were seen, like fiery serpents, darting their sinuous way into mid-air—he reached the place, to find his tent, his stores, and the surrounding trees in one mass of blazing ruin.

Rushing downwards with impetuosity, in a state bordering upon madness, he stood upon the shore of the cove, as offering the only refuge. But here he could not long remain; the burning trees, dried by the heat of the sun, communicated rapidly to the rest, and, as their trunks were dissevered, the upper parts came rolling down towards poor Hamilton, threatening to destroy him, till at last the place became no longer tenable, and he jumped upon his raft, and shoved off from the shore. In his hurry he had neglected all precaution to veer away upon the rope which held it—but casting it off, he was instantly carried away by the tide and swept out to sea.

The conflagration was grand and awful.

Hamilton gazed upon it in despair, as the current continued to carry him far out into the wide ocean ; and lingering death, by starvation, opened to his view. He laid himself on the platform, groaning in bitterness of heart ; and, whilst his frail bark danced lightly over the waters, his mind sank deeper and deeper into despondency, till nature gave way, and he became insensible.

On returning to consciousness it was broad daylight, and the island he had never more expected to see, was only a few fathoms from him ; the returning tide had brought him back, but with all his efforts he could not reach the land. The fire was still raging, when happily he was enabled to catch hold of the main-mast in the bay, to which he made fast and rode in safety.

High water came ; there was a gentle breeze, but the sun was pouring down his intense rays, and the poor youth was almost perishing with thirst. His sight began to fail, a dizziness made his senses

reel, and brought strange phantasms before him. Sometimes he thought Madame Brienot was soothing his troubled soul, and then a horrible dread of death overpowered his faculties; still he was never unconscious of his real condition, though in imagination it assumed various shapes and attitudes. At length he fancied he saw a vessel; and though the island intervened, he believed he could distinguish her rig; it was the *Bon Mari* or her spectre all ataunt-o running towards the land—he thought he beheld a boat quit the brig to come to his rescue; in the excess of his joy he aroused himself and looked towards the supposed place, but his eyes fell upon the naked face of the blackened cliff.

Despair was again triumphing, and even mocking the delusion of his mind. “Hark!” shrieked he, and the sea-birds answered his cries, as with breathless attention he listened to an unusual sound—it could not be from the fire—it could not come from the water—there was a measured cadence that could not well be mis-

taken—it was the noise of oars in their rowlocks, and in another minute a boat well manned rounded the point, and pulled towards him.

“ Well, I calkilate if this don’t bang Kentucky, and Kentucky can bang the States,” exclaimed a voice, with a nasal twang; as the speaker looked upon the youth, who, in the wildness of his delight, was extending his arms unable to utter a word. “ Where are you from? who raised you, young man,” continued the individual, as the boat ranged alongside the raft. “ May I never see Baltimore again but it’s a queer way you’re in, like a muscle with half a shell.”

“ Water ! water ! ” entreated Hamilton, eagerly ; “ I am dying, perishing with thirst—oh ! for the love of Heaven, give me drink. I am parched.”

“ And no wonder, I guess,” returned the man in the boat ; “ it’s tarnation astonishing to my idea o’ things that you ar’nt roasted, so near the furnace that attracted us out of our way.

Give the young man some water, Benjy ; what with the sun, and what with the fire so close, he must be almost barbacued."

Benjamin, a negro, immediately obeyed the command, and from a small breaker in the boat he poured the pure element into a wooden scoop used for baling. Hamilton would have grasped at the promised banquet, and his trembling hands would probably have spilt it all, but the black, perceiving the tremor, said, "Tan littlee bit, massa buckra, and let noder genelmen put him drink to he mout, hearee."

"Anything! anything!" responded Hamilton; "but, oh! in mercy let me have it without delay."

The negro held the scoop steadily, and the youth swallowed the liquid with eagerness, and then demanded "more;" it was promptly given to him by the same hand.

"Why, I guess you must have been a pretty long spell without moistening, young man," said he who had spoken first, and who appeared

to be superior to the rest. "How long have you been here?"

"Nearly five weeks," returned Hamilton.

"Nearly five weeks!" reiterated the other in amazement; "come, now, my lad, I guess ye're just going the whole hog in a tarnation outrageous conswapscious twaddy-diddle, and you must set us all down for natral-born fools, if you calkilate to come Tom Pepper over us in that fashion. What, five weeks moored alongside o' this here spar, in a cockle-shell?—Well, if that's true there arn't no grits!"

"No, I did not mean that," answered Hamilton; "I meant that it was five weeks since I was wrecked here; the greatest part of the time I have been upon the island, and only quitted it last night to escape the flames."

"Wrecked!" repeated the man, looking earnestly around him—"and where's the fragments of the craft now? I see nothing but this here splintered mast."

"She is under water," returned the youth,

pointing downwards. "She is beneath us, or nearly so, at this moment. The mast is fast to her side."

The men in the boat looked at each other, and smiled with a peculiar meaning, whilst Benjy showed his ivorys and chuckled as he said, addressing his superior,— "Hearee dat, massa?—p'rhaps him plenty dollar lib dere."

"Hould your 'tarnal black tongue, ye war-mint!" exclaimed the superior, laughing; "the beautiferous angel's al'ays thinking on the root of all evil; his mind's tarnally running on cal-kilations o' profit and loss." He turned to Hamilton, who was now standing up on his raft,—"Where do you hail from, young man? You look a tarnation deal o' the racoon build. Which o' the states had the honor of behowlding your gloriferous face first? Are you a thorough out-and-out Yankee, or ownly a half-bred mule?"

Hamilton was somewhat puzzled at these, to him, strange questions; he never had heard of Yankees, and he hesitated to answer,

when one of the seamen, in a tone of respect, but yet with a consciousness of the superiority of his own opinion, said, "He's from the owld country, sir, I'm thinking, and arn't got the nat'ral larning to know the differ atwixt a fin-back and a sparmacity."

"There's ship's gospel in that, Zeeky," uttered the other: "Pity the governor didn't make a lawyer on you; for I reckon you'd been as much sought arter as Prodigy Flunky, of owld Kentuck, and he rode three thousand miles upon a single flash of lightning, without once changing horses. But come, young man, tell us all about the wreck."

Hamilton briefly informed them of every circumstance, from the time of his leaving San Domingo down to that moment, and then inquired who his deliverers were?

"I've a notion, young man," said the individual who had spoken first, with much self-complacency,—“I've a notion you're pretty superb in the eligibility of your calkilations about that

awful smart place, New York, in the Yountied States. Well, I guess that's our location—right slick away at once when we're at home."

"You belong to an American vessel, then?" said Hamilton, who had been surprised at their strange mode of address, and puzzled to find out from whence they had made their appearance.

"You're mighty near the mark, and pretty particularly correct," returned the man,—“arn't he, Zeeky? I wonder considerably where he got his larning!"

"I guess I told you afore," responded Ezekiel, for that was his real name,—“Any one that's moosical may see with half an eye that he comes from the owld country."

"Is that true, young man," enquired the person who appeared to be the officer; "what part of England was you raised in?"

"If you mean to ask where I was born, I cannot tell you," returned Hamilton, becoming somewhat impatient at their tediousness:—"I believe, however, that England is the place of

my birth ; but I was brought up in France and San Domingo."

"A mixture of breeds, I reckon," said Ezekiel, addressing his superior ; " a univarsal cross atwixt a salt cod and a mackarel, with a smart awful splash of the alligator.—Got in a sort o' no-man's-land, atween both countries, in the Straits of Dover."

"Well, young man, what do you say to a trip of inspection in our boat, to visit the governor?" inquired the officer, "or, mayhap, by the severity of your notions, you'd rather squat where you are."

"I am ready to accompany you any where," said Hamilton ; "so that I can but get away from this. I care not what I do, for I have nothing but my labour to offer in return for any attention or kindness I may receive."

"Pretty considerably smart of you, I reckon," returned the man, with greater complacency,—
"come into the boat, young man. You know what cargo the brig had in?"

“ I do,” answered the youth, as, assisted by Ezekiel, he quitted his raft, and placed himself in the stern-sheets by the officer; “sugar, cotton, coffee, and rum, with a few pipes of Madeira.”

“ Some of the genu-ine, I calkilate,” responded the man; “ pretty particularly good in the way of playing for picking up. Shove off, Benjy, you ’tarnal lazy log of ebony. What—you’re bringing your guinea-crow brains to calkilate a bountiferous awful amount of plunder ?”

“ Ees, massa,” returned the grinning black,—“ me tink em plenty dollar lib down dere : s’pose me go see em.—No ?”

“ Howld your croaking, you lily devil,” said Ezekiel; “ do you think we shan’t have a hugeous smart spell at it afore we’ve done ? The governor arn’t the man to know where there’s a nest without wanting an egg or two, though his truck might sarve to roof in a conventicle.”

The boat was released from the wreck of the mast, and in a few minutes was pulled smartly round the point, where Hamilton pointed out the

cove in which he had sheltered, and where the trees were still burning with fury. The other point was rounded, and to windward of the island laid a barque, jogging off and on, with a wheft hoisted to recall the boat. They were very soon alongside, for the water was as smooth as a mill-pond, and the rowers were strong sturdy men, well able to make her fly through the yielding element. Hamilton, on ascending to the deck, was introduced to a tall spare man, with a rigid cast of countenance, prominent eyes, and high cheek bones, whilst his person was habited in the garb of the primitive Quakers, and the brim of his hat spreading over an enormous circle, so as nearly to merit the description of it given by Ezekiel.

“Thou art welcome, my young friend,” said he, in a deliberate but pleasing tone and manner, as soon as he had heard of the youth’s disaster ; “ Providence hath befriended thee ;—see that thou forgettest not the favour.”

“ I am indeed most grateful for my deliver-

ance, sir," returned the youth, as the tears rose to his eyes to testify his sincerity.

"Thou hast been taken from the deep waters," said the captain; "may thy feet in future be set in a sure place. Thou needest food. 'Feed the hungry' is the command of Him who knows our weaknesses, for he himself suffered in the world. Go down to my cabin—there thou wilt find sustenance. Hector!—" a negro walked sedately up,—“see that thou attendest to his wants.”

"Yea, aun werily, massa," responded the black: "me do em ebery ting for make him soul good wid marrow and faat."

"Let his body be first cared for," ordered the captain; "then thou mayest feed him with the pure bread of the word."

Hamilton accompanied the negro into an excellent cabin, where every thing demanded admiration for its peculiar neatness and cleanliness; and some cold boiled fowl and ham, with all the necessary adjuncts, were speedily placed on the table.

"Massa eat like him prophet Liza. so make

him trong man again," said the negro, in a melancholy drawl; "Da cappin gie em stone o' flour, s'pose axe him for bread—he sabby gie em good gift to he picanninny, for hab heabenly fader."

Now, Hamilton had been instructed in the Catholic faith—that is, he had been accustomed to join in the devotions of Madame Brienot: but he was utterly ignorant of all scriptural allusions, and having never before seen a member of the Society of Friends, he could not help wondering at the strangeness of the captain's manner, and the curious language of the negro. However, he made no observations, but sat down and enjoyed a hearty meal, which he moistened with some delicious cool dripstone water. At the close of his repast, he uttered a *Gratia Deus*, and crossed himself with much reverential respect, which action so pleased the negro (who had never witnessed any thing of the kind before, and knew not that such a thing as a Catholic form of worship existed) as to cause his unfeigned exclamations of pleasure.

"Massa, teachee dat for me some noder time,

you please," said he; "make me say em more good, deedy doddy daily bread."

"Wilt thou go with my young men to the wreck?" asked the captain, as he descended into the cabin; "that is if thou hast satisfied thy hunger. Peradventure thou hast already made acquaintance with the mate, when he released thee from thy peril; he is going to see what can be recovered, for neither should we let perish things animate or inanimate, and thy assistance may prove a help and a guidance unto them."

Hamilton readily assented; the boat returned to the bay, and Benjy commenced his diving operations to examine the state of the vessel; his report was favourable—that the remaining cargo might be easily got at. The bay was sounded, and, with the exception of the rock on which the brig had drifted, there was no where less than six fathoms, with a mixed bottom of clay and sand. The mate hastened back to his commander with the information, and shortly after the sun had attained his meridian altitude, the barque was at anchor within a convenient dis-

tance of the wreck, and the work of breaking out the residue of the brig's cargo was immediately commenced, and by the following evening all the wine and rum, with numerous stores, together with the splintered masts, were safely stowed on board the "Ebenezer," of New York, commanded by Captain Nathan Wise.

The sun was on the verge of the horizon when the anchor of the barque was tripped, and her white sails glowed with the ruddy tints of the departing luminary. A gentle breeze carried her clear of the still smoking island, and her yards were squared as, with the wind right aft, she proceeded on her voyage to Porto Rico.

"And what dost thou mean to do with thyself, young friend?" inquired the captain of Hamilton, as, with arms folded, he stood aft watching the island as it faded from sight in the twilight gloom. "Will it please thee to impart thy history, and, if it be convenient to thy notions, peradventure my counsel—though that of a very humble vessel of divine favour—shall not be withheld."

Hamilton, with tears of gratitude trembling in his eyes at the kindness of tone and manner which manifested the sincerity of the worthy seaman, unhesitatingly informed him of all that he knew concerning his early years, and so intently did his hearer listen that he never once offered an interruption. The youth concluded by acknowledging his inability to decide as to what course it would be the fittest to pursue, and craved the advice of his deliverer.

“Verily thy tale doth savour somewhat of the marvellous, young man,” said the captain, as he gently laid his hand upon the youth’s shoulder. “But hast thou experienced the benign influence arising from a conviction that, though father and mother forsake thee, the Lord will take thee up?”

This language was new and strange to Hamilton, yet an imperfect comprehension of its meaning came soothingly over his mind, and he felt that it was allied to kindness. “I cannot say that my father and mother did forsake me,” uttered he; “but I know that you have picked

me up and saved me from a horrible death, and I am ready to devote myself to your service."

"Thou shalt not want a friend, young man, whilst thou strivest to merit the good opinion of Nathan Wise," returned the captain; "nevertheless, the friend I would have thee seek is one that sticketh closer even than a brother. Thy soul hath been accustomed to coarse fare, and therefore it is not seemly nor prudent to place before thee dainties which thou canst not value. I will think of thy case in the secret chambers of my own thoughts, and implore for that guidance which Providence never denies to those who ask it properly. When it is thy wish to retire to thy rest, do thou use thine own pleasure."

There had been very little cessation from labour either night or day, whilst they continued at the island, and Hamilton, who had toiled unweariedly with the rest, profited by the leave given to retire to the bed-place which Hector had prepared for him. The negro supplied him with a light refreshment for his supper, and, having advised him not to drink too much,

added, "Now, he young massa, 'pose him tarn in right slick, but 'member for say he 'Loramity 'pon us' afore he go asleep."

What "Loramity 'pon us" was, Hamilton did not know, but he readily conjectured that the negro recommended him to say his prayers; so he repeated a *pater* and a *credo*, devoutly crossing himself, to the great edification of the black, who watched his proceedings very narrowly, and imitated the cruciform motions of the youth's hand, even long after the latter had composed himself to rest, till he had become pretty perfect in his practice.

About two bells (nine o'clock) in the first watch, Captain Wise descended; the great Bible had already been laid upon the cabin table, and Hector stood in readiness to obey commands. "Hast thou seen to the creature comforts of the lad?" inquired the captain.

"Yea, aun werily," responded the negro, with a nasal twang; "me gie him cold fowl for he belly."

"And thou didst not forget the word in sea-

son, Hector, for words fitly spoken are like apples of gold in pictures of silver—so saith the royal prophet,” remarked the captain.

“Yea, aun werily,” exclaimed the black, “me gie him word an plenny seasoning for do him ’tombach good, an he say our fader,” and the negro crossed himself.

The action did not altogether escape the quick eye of Captain Wise, but he made no observation, as at the moment he did not comprehend its purport. Lifting the Bible till its two sides were perpendicular to the table on which the back of the book rested, he held it so for the space of a minute, whilst his lips moved as if preferring some secret petition to the throne of grace; he then suddenly suffered the covers to fly open till they laid flat upon the table, and, when the leaves were quiescent, he scanned the portion of scripture which was presented to his sight, fully believing that Providence had superintended the arrangement and appointed the particular passages for perusal.

As soon as he had finished he rose from his

seat, and, standing erect and motionless with his hands clasped upon his breast, he closed his eyes and entered upon silent devotion. Hector did the same, every now and then opening one eye a little way to see if his master had finished—for the negro made it a rule always to be last; nor did he break through it now, for on Captain Wise resuming his seat the black still retained his position for two or three minutes, and then opening his hands, with his right he made the sign of the cross.

“What is it which thou art practising of?” inquired the captain, rather sternly. “Who taught thee such abomination, which is a sign of the beast, to degrade that which is holy?”

“Bommynation, massa!” exclaimed the alarmed black; “me no beast, massa, me only do so,” and again he crossed himself.

“I am wrong to be angry with thee, as thou hast done it in thine ignorance,” said the captain, with more gentleness. “But who was it instructed thee, Hector?”

“Him young massa dere in he bed-place,”

answered the negro; "he say him prayer, and den he make a cross."

"Father of mercies, I thank thee," said the captain, earnestly and devoutly; "thy holy word hast taught me this night to consider the value of the immortal soul. Thou hast enabled me to save this lad from the devouring element; oh! aid me to snatch his precious soul as a brand from the burning, for nothing is unholy or unclean which thou hast created in human form. Hector, thou must not practice such mummeries."

"Mummelies, saar? what he massa call mummelies?" inquired the negro, tossing his head back, and assuming a look of innocent ignorance.

"Mummeries, Hector—mummeries," repeated Captain Wise. "They are offshoots of the church of Rome, where the Pope sits in his worldly grandeur, and not as the humble disciple of Him who, when on earth, had not where to lay his sacred head. I must reason with the youth, who has found great favour in my eyes. Hast thou taken care, Hector, of that iron-bound case which was brought from the wreck?"

“Ees, saar,” returned the black, obsequiously.
“But what he massa call him church o’ rum?”

“It is Antichrist,” responded the captain;
“but thou dost not comprehend me, Hector, for thou art still in the mazes of darkness and ignorance; yet, I would warn thee not to repeat those unnecessary forms, which will act as snares of the devil to catch thy wandering soul;” and Captain Wise having closed the Bible, retired to his state-room for the night.

“Debbil snare! what he massa mean by dat?” murmured Hector to himself, as he took up the holy volume and replaced it on the locker; and then mixing himself a stiff glass of grog, swallowed it at a draught. “He no debbil snare, dat, anyhow!” continued he, giving his lips a loud smack.

“What is that noise, Hector?” inquired the captain, disturbed by the report. “Hast thou broken any of the glass?”

“No, saar,” returned the black, somewhat alarmed at the idea of detection: “owny craack him littlee bit;” for he preferred being reproved

for carelessness, to having a severe reprimand for drinking.

“Thou art very heedless, Hector,” returned the captain; and, with a conscience void of offence, he quietly resigned himself to sleep.

“Me no sabby what he massa mean by debbil snare,” cogitated the negro; “’pose me try ’em again;” and once more he crossed himself. “Dat de way,” said he, “now me hab noder drap o’ church o’ rum!” and a bumper of the liquor named silently disappeared in an instant. “Bery good, dat; now me go for nappy—or p’rhaps he massa mate like a lit-tee drop for comfort him belly;” and he proceeded to mix a stiff nor-wester for the officer who had the first watch on deck. Having performed this preliminary operation, he cautiously ascended the companion ladder, (the great luxury of cabin stairs was at that time unknown,) and assuming a grave aspect, said, “Here, massa Derrick—dough me neber touch de debbil tuff for mesef, ’cause him Captain Wise ’peak he no good for kingom come; me tink

you wanna trong drink to keep he eye open!—No?”

“ Well, now, Hector, I’ve a notion you’ve jist calkilated the thing to an amagraphy,” returned the mate, as he received the glass and tasted the stuff. “ It’s mighty superb, I reckon ; and them as says you an’t the handsomest nigger ’twixt here and Cape Cod, desarves a pretty considerable licking—an’t that it, Zeeky ?”

“ It’s of no use denying a fact, sir,” responded the seaman ; “ but I’m thinking I should be better able to judge of his beauty if I could ounly see him through jist sich another glass as that ere in your hand—and the more especially in regard of its being moonlight—it ud give sich an etarnal gloriferous colour to his cheeks ; not but what, to my mind, he’s good-looking enough as it is ; but then d’ye see, Muster Derrick, it ud be a generous action—ay, and a charitable action too, Hector—and you know the captain in his moosical discourses, says, ‘ charity hides a multitude of sins,’—jist to sarve me out a toothful or two of the creatur.”

“Tan you please, massa Cheeky,” exclaimed the steward, “you no for ’member you call me black debbil to-day?”

“Why, would you have had me call you a white one?” returned the seaman; “though, for the matter of that, Hector, you know you coast o’ Guinea angels al’ays gives the old un a smut of white, as his properest colour; and I guess I arn’t by no manner o’ means a going to dispute the *pint* with you jist now.”

“Pint? dat great deal for one drink, massa Cheeky,” replied the appeased negro. “But he no good for hab rum too much. Massa Cappin say, ‘he enemy, for put mout in him brain to ’teal ’em away.’”

“All’s one for that, Hector,” returned Ezekiel; “and I take it arter working to wind’ard—land-boards and sea-boards—fair weather and foul—sometimes equal retches, and then a long leg and a short un—arter being at this, I say, for five-and-forty years, I don’t much calkilate if I’d half a dozen mouths in my brains, but I could mightily stand a glass of grog for each—

though I'm not axing for more than one, Hector, and that jist by way of doctor's stuff, to mend my health—and I'm thinking, steward, a small drop stowed away in your own hould would cherish the cockles of your heart, and warm your bowels !”

“Haugh, chee,” uttered the negro, with assumed disgust ; “dey bommylation for me, massa Cheeky ! nem mind, me fetch you littlee taste for all dat.”

“Now I ar'nt never said nothing whatsomever, in this here affair !” exclaimed the mate ; “but may I be 'fernally barbacotted like an In-gine's pig, if Hector hasn't got some'at of a hammunion soul in his body, seeing as niggers never has the raal ones.”

“You wrong, dere, massa Derrick ; him Cap-pin Wise say Hector hab mortal soul for neber go dead ; and me hab gizzem too !” argued the negro. “But nem mind, massa Cheeky, me fetch de drink for all dat.” And away he noiselessly stole below—filled a glass of grog for Ezekiel—took a sly nip for himself, and then re-ascended to the deck.

The seaman received the beverage from his hands, and after holding the glass up for a half minute, between his eye and the moon, as if to test its strength by the depth of colour, he removed a huge ball of tobacco from his cheek, which he stowed away in his jacket pocket ; and then giving the black a familiar nod, without uttering a single word, he made but one gulp at the mixture, and not a drop was left behind.

“Haugh,” said he, as soon as the stuff had disappeared ; “ I’m blest, Mr. Derrick, but in the true calkilation o’ things, that ere was a tar-nation good stiff un, and jist as a tot o’ grog ought to be mixed—three parts rum—no water—but a gill of Hollands to guv it a flavour !” And that was actually the case ; for Hector had mistaken a decanter of good Scheidam for the water bottle ; and Ezekiel had swallowed nearly two-thirds of a pint of neat liquor. The steward guessed his mistake, but said nothing ; and after bidding the mate and seaman “ good night,” carried the empty vessels below again.

CHAPTER IX.

“ We'll fight with him to-night.”

SHAKSPEARE.

WE left the good barque Ebenezer, with her yards nearly squared and with a pleasant breeze, running for the island of Porto Rico, where, on the following day, she anchored in St. Juan; and Hamilton was strongly reminded of the scenery and fertility of San Domingo. His wish was to return to the latter place, for the purpose of ascertaining the fate of his kind benefactress; and as the barque would be detained several weeks, he obtained the sanction of Captain Wise, who supplied him with a small sum of money, and procured him letters of recommendation to several persons in the Spanish capital of the troubled island, whither a colonial sloop conveyed him, and he was received with that peculiar hospitality which is the characteristic of the Spanish colonists. On this side of the island every thing was perfectly tranquil, and the youth found a delightful home in the family of Don Pedro

Alvarez, who took him to his own residence, and insisted upon his remaining whilst he despatched a trusty emissary to ascertain the state of Port au Prince and its neighbourhood, and to obtain whatever other information could possibly be gathered.

Hamilton assented, and no means were left untried to afford him every enjoyment; but the anxiety of his mind preyed greatly upon his natural vivacity, and he waited rather impatiently for the return of the messenger. At length his apprehensions were relieved by the arrival of the man, who reported that a strong body of negroes were lying in the Cul-de-Sac, but that apparently every thing was quiet; that he had entered the town unmolested, and had seen Madame Brienot, who had been released from confinement, and was then residing in her own house in Port au Prince, under the surveillance of the authorities. She had wept with joy when apprized that her young protégé, for whom she cherished the strongest affection, was so near her; and the messenger was exhorted to use his best endeavours to reunite them. For this purpose he had brought a plentiful supply of money; and Hamilton wrote to Captain Wise, enclosing the amount he had borrowed, and expressing fervent

gratitude for the kindness he had received. He promised to exert every effort to obtain the removal of his benefactress to Porto Rico, where he hoped she might obtain a passage to the United States in the *Ebenezer*. He also sent a handsome gratuity to be divided amongst the ship's company, and a silver crucifix for Hector the black.

The next consideration was the mode in which Hamilton was to make good his journey to Port au Prince. Don Pedro advised his giving up all thoughts of travelling by land, but thought he might take advantage of a vessel proceeding thither, the owner of which was a friend of his; and though the distance and time would be considerably increased, yet he trusted it would be much safer than hazarding existence by falling into the hands of the turbulent negroes. Still, as he had in a manner been sent away by the authorities, it was deemed requisite that some disguise should be resorted to; and it was ultimately agreed that the youth should submit to the process of transformation, and, by the aid of grease and lamp-black, be converted into a negro—the captain promising to land him after dusk-hour, so as to avoid the difficulties and suspicions which daylight might engender.

To this arrangement Hamilton readily gave his consent ; the colour mattered but little to him, so that he could but obtain the object he had in view ; he submitted to the process till every part of his person that was likely to be exposed was as black as the ace of spades. His parting with Don Pedro and his family was with mutual regret—but hope beat strong in his heart ; and the worthy Spaniard promised his cordial co-operation, should it be deemed advisable for Madame Brienot to make her escape through that part of the island.

The sloop was ready, and Hamilton embarked amidst the best wishes of his friends for success. Pleasant was the breeze, and delightful the day, as she ran along the land, and beautiful was the panoramic scenery on the shore. The third evening they were between the isle of Beata and the cape of the same name, and never was there a sunset more lovely. The night was fine, with but little wind ; and, except the negro at the helm, the people were stretched upon the deck, covered over by an awning, and sound asleep. It was too hot below, and Hamilton brought up his mattress and laid himself down abaft.

About midnight the sleepers were aroused by the

noise of oars close to them ; but before they could get on their legs, a boat clapped them alongside, and about a dozen men, well armed, were instantly on the sloop's deck.

“ Yo hoy !” exclaimed a voice in English ; “ what ! all hands with your eyes buttoned up ? What craft is this ?”

The helmsman promptly answered, “ Non entend pas, monsieur ;” whilst the rest, in a state of alarm, rubbed their eyes and said nothing.

“ Well, I'm blow'd, Jem,” exclaimed another of the boarding party, “ if I haven't heard o' this here very craft afore ; she's the Nong Tong Paw, and no mistake.”

“ Take the helm, Johnson,” ordered the person who spoke first, and who was habited in a British naval uniform. “ Puckalow the tiller, and just keep her out, round the westernmost point of the island.” Then turning to the terrified captain, who now made his appearance, he demanded. “ Where are you from, and where are you bound to ?”

“ Je non entend pas, monsieur,” returned the man, respectfully pulling off his hat, and fully sensible that his vessel would be made a prize—
“ Je non entend pas, monsieur.”

“ Scrub my ould tarry trowsers, but there’s another on em, Jem !” said the seaman; “ they’ve nothing else but nong tong paws in Johnny Croppeau’s country !”

“ Where’s that cargo o’ night we shipped out of the pirate?” inquired the officer.—“ Here, Coast o’ Guinea, where are you?” A negro stepped promptly up. “ Here’s some o’ your blood relations, blacky ; just ax ’em where they’re come from, and where they are bound to ; and present my best civilities to the skipper, and say that I trust he will have the condescension and politeness to favour me with a sight of his papers. Can you remember all that ?”

The negro put the questions in French, and his voice thrilled with strange sensations through Hamilton’s heart—for it was Quaco ; and without an instant’s consideration, he sprung forward and grasped his old intimate by the arm, exclaiming in English, “ She is a French sloop, from the port of San Domingo, bound round to Port au Prince.”

“ And now a good and lawful prize to his majesty’s ship the Glassowisky,” said the officer, laughing. “ But how’s this, young Mungo ? you palaver English like a native ! Is he one of your own begetting, Quaco ?”

“Wharra dis?” exclaimed the trembling black, as he held the youth from him at arm’s length. “Where you tievee darra voice for peakee me so, yer rob-yer-missee corpion—eh?”

Hamilton instantly called to remembrance the change which his complexion had undergone, and remained silent, preferring to wait for a more favourable opportunity of making himself known; whilst Quaco conversed with the captain of the sloop, and pointed out to the distracted man the unfortunate position in which he was placed. The poor fellow begged, entreated, and implored that his vessel might be liberated; but this was not in the power of the officer to comply with. The papers were French—England was at war with France, and consequently the sloop was a lawful capture.

The man-of-war’s men searched every part of the vessel for liquor, but they found only a very small quantity; and having delivered her cargo at San Domingo she had nothing of consequence in her hold, and therefore would have been worthless as a prize, but for a whim that seized the officer who commanded—an old quartermaster converted into a master’s-mate—who took it into his head to have a

cruise to himself, and endeavour to pick up something along-shore.

“What say you, my hearties?” exclaimed he, addressing the crew of the double-banked pinnace, fifteen in number, and four marines; “What say you to a bit of a roving commission? This here craft arn’t never good for nothing whatsoever: there wouldn’t not be a copper a man, and sixpence for the skipper, if she was to be shared out to-morrow, which to my mind is a sin and a shame. Howsomever, as we have sustained such a loss as this here, why I’m thinking I’ll make out an acting order for myself, convarting her into a tender to his Majesty’s ship, and sign my own warrant as master and commander. We’ll just run quietly alongshore, and mayhap we may pick up summut worth having to make up for damages, particularly in the grog line; for what’s half a pint o’ rum when yer broiling your livers under a wertical sun?” A ready assent was yielded to the proposition. “Well, then,” continued he, “hoist the boat’s ensign and pennant, just to go through the motions, all ship-shape, and take her properly into the sarvice.”

The order was complied with, and though in the darkness there was no possibility of distinguishing

what they were, the ensign and pennant were hoisted whilst the master's-mate made them a speech.

“None on you,” said he, “knows what’s properest for an officer to do when he bemeans himself to act all square by the lifts and braces, or hauls dead upon a wind to get the weather gage in an argyfication; under sich circumstances as these here, I’ve deemed it right to take command of this here sloop, and cruise again the enemy; there’s fifteen prime hands, all picked men, and four jollies, nineteen in all; with muskets, bagonets, pistols, and cutlashes, plenty of cartridges, and a never-say-die officer to lead you into action. Do your duty like brave sons o’ thunder, and I’m blest if we don’t walk off with the island, if so be as we can’t man handle any other consarn. There, that’s all I got to say: now, haul down the pennant, and consider yourselves in a man-of-war.”

The strangeness and drollery of the man’s manner tickled Hamilton mightily, though his coarseness displeased him. The seamen well understood his meaning, and the boat being hauled up on the side away from the shore, the course was altered, and they stood in for the land to get under the lee of the Cape, the wind (what there was) being from

the north-east. A good look-out was kept—one-half the men lying down on deck to sleep, and amongst them Quaco.

As soon as Hamilton saw the negro had comfortably composed himself abaft, he approached to his side, and sitting down softly, uttered his name;—“Garamercie! who dat peakee me?” exclaimed the black, starting up in affright.

“It is I,” returned the youth, in the same low tone. “Do not make a shouting and noise, old man, it is I, Monsieur Ami Brienot.”

“You liar for true,” angrily responded the black; “you one debbil-face runaway nigger slabe; where you tievee dat voice?”

“Nonsense, nonsense, old man,” said Hamilton in a whisper. “Do you remember Le Bon Mari, and the hurricane?”

“Garamercie, wharra dis?” uttered the black in terror. “You go for dead, and Jumbee change da colour—No?”

“No, Quaco, I am still living, notwithstanding your having basely deserted me,” answered the youth. “I was left floating alone on the ocean, exposed to the incessant heat of the sun. I was wrecked on an uninhabited island, where I had

nothing to eat but raw *coal* fish, and that has caused the alteration in my colour."

"Well, who eber hear such ting!" exclaimed the negro. "Neber—neber—you debbel for true—'pose you no get funder off, me cool da fire in your claw in da wharrer—hearee?" and he raised himself more firmly up, as if to get upon his legs and fulfil his threat.

"You are an old fool, Quaco," uttered Hamilton, laughing, "and an old rogue too—Many a decanter of wine have you to account for, taken from the sideboard at the Solitaire."

"Good debbil, no plaguee me noder time—me neber tieve again," shouted the negro jumping up, and in his haste to get away stumbling over the legs of the prostrate master's mate as he laid concealed underneath a boat's sail, having taken Hamilton's matrass to lie upon.

"Halloo—what the —— is all this?" bellowed the officer, starting up, and rubbing his shins; "why, you coast o' Guinea monster—you make every thing so dark about you, that you can't see your way. Take that, you black angel," and he gave him a cuff with his fist. "Have you no more respect for an officer in command of a tender than

to treat his lower stanchions as you would a couple o' monkey tails?"

"Oh—oh!" roared Quaco, "em debbil lib dere, massa Earwig! he peakee me somut ob ebery ting—and tella me—" and the black stopped, for he did not like to mention his peccadilloes.

"Aye, aye, yere both on you o' the same kidney, I dare be sworn," answered the officer, whose real name was Herrick, though Quaco had transformed it into Earwig. "Here, Johnson, take this black fellow alongside of you, and just larn him a little bit o' good behaviour—will you?"

"What can you expect, sir, from a dark-skinned nigger," responded Johnson, the coxswain; "its hard lines to be a poor hignorant know-nothing of a creatur, without a soul, and mayhap without a gizzard, and to get monkey's allowance for it into the bargain. But, come along here, Quaco, and lay down alongside o' my look-out, and no holy infarnal shall mislest ye whilst Jos Johnson has you under his lee—and it arn't clear to me but nat'ral inkstinck may lead you to smell out a good prize for us yet."

Quaco did as he was desired, and Hamilton, vexed at the old man's stupidity and obstinacy, resolved as secretly as possible to cleanse himself of the im-

purity, which had become extremely disagreeable. For this purpose he went forward, eagerly watched by Quaco, and having drawn a bucket of water, he tried to wash the black off his face; but the saline quality of the element prevented it from having more than a partial effect, though a piece of coarse canvas, with hard scrubbing, removed the darker shades, and in some places restored the original white.

Nor was Quaco the only one who eyed the motions of the supposed young negro—the look-out man forward, as he sat upon the windlass, had, unknown by the youth, narrowly observed his proceedings, as much from a superstitious dread as any other cause, and when he distinguished in the coming light that the lad was turning white he could contain himself no longer,—“Well, I’m blowed,” said he aloud, “if this arn’t reg’lar out-and-out unnatural—a scraper and a hand-swab may take off a ship’s paint, but for a nigger to moult his skin!—then, I’m bless’d, if I knows what to make on it!”

“What’s the matter, Jem?” inquired the coxswain, walking towards the windlass, and followed at a short distance by Quaco; “have you found a couple o’ gould watches, and don’t know what to do with them?”

“No, no, Joe,” responded the other, “its nothing in regard o’watches, though any body may have my share as likes. But just haul your wind this way—did you ever see a nigger a moulting? Cause if you didn’t never see sich a thing you may see it now,” and he pointed to the youngster.

Hamilton was not aware that any one had been looking at him, and when he heard the observations of the seaman, he ceased scrubbing. Johnson, who had previously seen the youth as black as a thunder cloud, was struck with astonishment at witnessing the pie-bald countenance that was now presented; he stopped short as if undecided how to act, and turned to Quaco. But a new light seemed to have burst in and illumined the negro’s mind; he sprang forward, caught the youngster by the arm, gazed wistfully and earnestly in his face, and then exclaimed in joyous glee, “He my massa for true—Garamercie me so glad—dare him tam Misser Johnson de massa for me, dat me leab in a brig and tink he go dead.”

“Well I’m bless’d, Joe, if this arn’t a rum go any how, and I shouldn’t be surprised if the ould un was to turn yellow,” exclaimed Jem; “all I got to say is, that I hopes the devil’s color arn’t

catching, for if I was to go home a black fellow, the ould woman would'nt never have nothing whatsomever to say to me."

The whole of the watch had now gathered abaft the windlass, and Hamilton continued his operation, aided by the delighted Quaco, and was soon restored to something like his proper complexion. "I'm no negro," said the youth, "but an Englishman like yourselves."

Avast, avast," exclaimed the good-natured coxswain, and then turning to his shipmates, he added "I'm sure none on you has heard what he said, and in nat'ral consekence can't tell any body."

"Why should I fear its being known", said Hamilton with energy; "I believe myself to be English, though not certain of it."

"Aye, aye, that's right," returned the coxswain, with a self-satisfied air, "and if I was you, not a word but French lingo would I let Master Herrick or any one else, hear payed out of my lips—you're rather too young to go cloud hunting for a mere mistake as to country."

"I perceive your error, my generous friend," said Hamilton, much affected at the seaman's humanity; "you take me for a traitor to my king."

“ Oh no, only a mistake, my boy,” returned the coxswain, soothingly. “ You are serving under the French flag instead of the British ensign, and as for your own particular colours, why you’ve been sailing under false ones—that’s all.”

“ I can explain every thing,” said the youth, whilst Quaco looked on in dismay, at the terrible ideas which Johnson had conjured up in his mind ; “ I am here as a passenger, engaged on an important duty, which I trust your officer will yet allow me to fulfil. Yon island has been my home for twelve years.—”

“ Sail, ho !” exclaimed one of the party, and the rest immediately gathered round him to catch the direction of the stranger, and offer their conjectures as to what she was ; up sprang Mr. Herrick and called for his glass, which being brought to him from the boat, he carefully and steadily fixed his gaze on the object, and in a few minutes (during which the most breathless attention had prevailed) he pronounced it to be a topsail schooner, jogging off the land.

“ Pose massa Earwig please for make me see ’em,” said Quaco, respectfully touching the woolly hair on his forehead, “ me tell him at once wheder a craab or a cockroach.”

“Oh, no doubt o’yer cleverness in that way,” returned the master’s mate, contemptuously. “But d’ye think nobody else besides yourself has got preceptions about ’em to diskiver a black dog from a blue monkey? She’s a drogher, and we’ll carry her out with us, if she’s worth having, and get along-side afore they can overhaul our manoverers from the shore.”

“Em no drogher wid a topsel, saar,” said the negro, who was fearful of being captured under the British flag and punished; “me tink ’em pribateer, pose massa Earwig please.”

“Well then I don’t please,” exclaimed the master’s mate angrily, for though he strongly suspected the character of the stranger, he did not relish the idea that any one should be able to detect what she actually was besides himself. “If she arn’t a drogher she’s a pilot boat.”

“P’rhaps him pilot boat,” assented Quaco, though he well knew the contrary. “My massa here know for dat.”

“Your master!—who the devil may he be,” scornfully uttered the officer, looking at Hamilton for the first time since his ablution; “why who have we got there—young mungo transmigrified—

by the pipers — what, have you found coppers aboard, for I never yet knew a black fellow turn white till he was boiled.”

“It is true, sir,” said Hamilton, “that when you first boarded us I was most certainly under a cloud——”

“A cloud, d’ye call it,” exclaimed the master’s mate; “if it was ounly a cloud, it was about the blackest I ever seed. But what are you? no Frenchman I’ll swear, and if English, then I’m blessed if there won’t be a yard rope rove the day you trip your anchor of life.”

“He was a passenger in the sloop, sir,” said the coxswain, desirous of making matters as smooth as possible; “but, with all due submission, sir, I’ll make bould to say, that there is no pilot boat, and to my thinking the black fellow’s right—for though God Almighty has not given him the onderstanding and larning, as he has to the likes of you and me; yet there’s a sort of a kind of a inkstinck about him, as it ud be well to mind sometimes.”

“When your advice is wanted I’ll ax for it,” responded the officer, more testy than ever. “I say she’s a pilot boat or summut o’ the sort,” (he was satisfied to the contrary), “but mayhap she may be

armed, and in consequence it's best not to be taken unawars. Go you to the helm, old coast o' Guinea, and keep steadily on in your course; send the prisoners all but the youngster below, and secure 'em in the hould. The rest on you jump into the boat along-side, and lay down in her bottom with your arms all ready. Bend on the ensign and pennant, but keep 'em snug till I tell you—and d'ye hear, Quaco, when she nears us try and get close along-side, and answer her hail—she's ounly a pilot boat, but it's well to be prepared for squalls;" and the master's mate sunk himself in the companion hatch, so as just to leave his head, on which he mounted a red cap, in sight; "go you forud, directly as you're told, young whity-brown," continued he, as soon as he was ensconced, "and tend the head sails."

"'Em pribateer for all dat," muttered Quaco at the tiller, "and now whar for me do? — Pose tak'em? bullet in him gizzem—pose take him pribateer? all safe. Ah, me massa," added he, addressing Hamilton, who had approached him, "dere come 'noder hurricane," and he affected to laugh.

The vessel was evidently a schooner, of no mean dimension for that coast, and as it frequently happened that the privateers bore a very dubious cha-

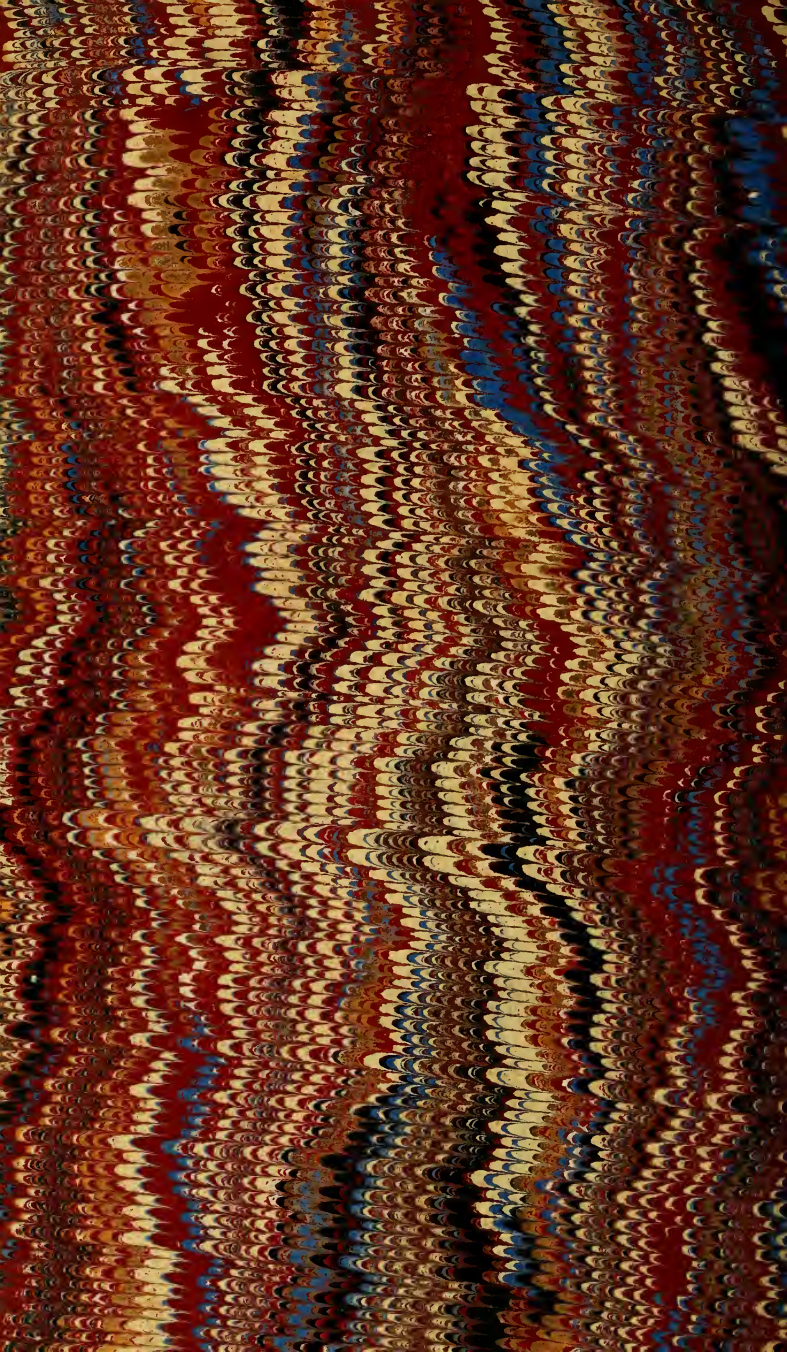
racter, sometimes perpetrating acts of piracy, it caused no surprise to Quaco to see her rapidly advancing, and shortly afterwards to hear the crack of a musket, and the whistling of a ball as it flew past him.—“Port a little, and edge towards the rascal,” said the master’s mate, “lay the sloop close along-side, even to touching if you can, and I’ll drop round under his stern and grab him in no time; now mind what you are about Quaco. Go forud, youngster, and it will be the best for you to obey orders.”

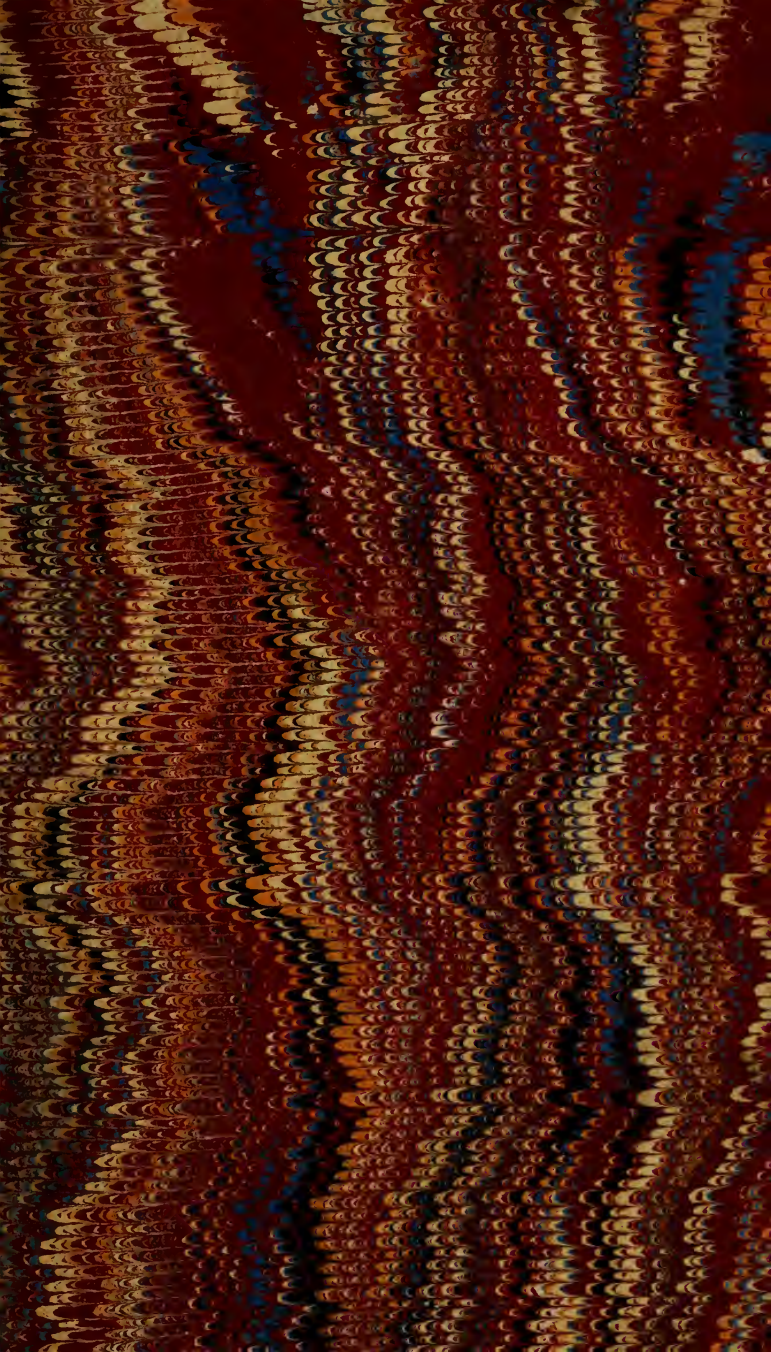
The master’s mate then hurried into his boat, telling the negro to shout “Glasso’wisky,” at the appropriate period for boarding.

“Me no touch ’em, dough,” muttered the black, “pose him jump on de deck, good-by to Quaco and me young massa;” another musket was fired—“Ha, dere he come again.”

END OF VOLUME II.







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